AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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WHICH ONE'S THE REAL HERO?

THE AMERICA'S CUP
A MUG'S GAME

DIRT BIKE MADNESS
ON THE FINKE DESERT RALLY

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
ANGRY ANDERSON
TATTS AND ALL

THE ART OF WINNING
TIPS FROM A FOOTY SUPERCOACH

HORSE RING-INS:
HOW THE PUNTER DOES HIS DOUGH

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PILOT

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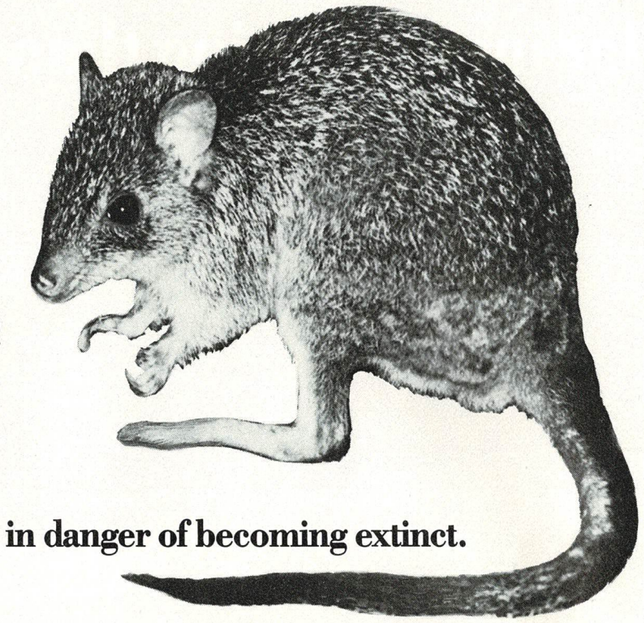

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PLAYBILL

As the perfect prelude to a frosty winter we have a May issue of Australian PLAYBOY that we know you'll really warm to. It's an issue bulging with personalities, sport, humor, sex and style. We have a knockout Playmate Of The Month, and a trio of pictorials with a sultry, tropical feel especially designed as a fond farewell to summer.

Our Playboy Interview subject this month is Angry Anderson, full-throated vocalist of heavy metal band Rose Tattoo and volatile spokesperson for Australia's disaffected youth. We sent along senior contributing editor **Phil Jarratt** to talk to him. Jarratt reported back that he was hard pressed to keep Anderson on one subject at a time. The tough, tattooed rocker emerged as a sensitive, deep-thinking philosopher anxious to sound off on a far-ranging selection of subjects.

If you ever thought that rock and philosophy were incompatible, then you haven't listened too carefully to Bruce Springsteen's lyrics. **Jack Newfield** has. He's compared the superstar's effect on modern culture with that of Sylvester Stallone's brutish war hero, Rambo. In *Stallone Vs Springsteen*, Newfield shows how these two most popular working-class heroes are pulling the Western world in different directions. The illustration is by **Greg Spalenka**.

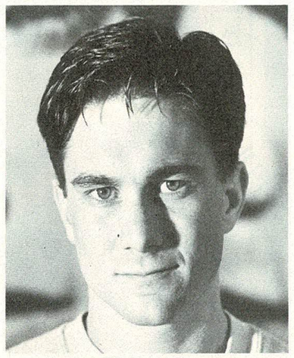
No one knows more about moulding tough working-class lads into footy heroes than rugby league supercoach Roy Masters. In *Mastermind*, **Phil Jarratt** passes on a few of Masters' tips on tactics, training and the will to win. And in *The Great Contender*, **Noel Carstairs** tells how knockabout boxer Joe Bugner has become a Sydney society heavyweight. The punchy artwork is from **Neil Moore**.

Those of you who've ever done your dough at the races and wondered why the hell the 100-1 nag romped on home like a runaway train will find **Tony Love**'s *Taken For A Ride* a champion read. Love scratched beneath the surface of the Aussie turf scene to discover that horse ring-ins, druggings and race riggings are a lot more common than you may think.

Our delightful Miss May is Linda Dubbeldeman, a fun-lovin' girl who claims life should be lived to the fullest. Carol Atkins is another happy-go-lucky female and she reckons she could easily spend the rest of her life on a sun-drenched Queensland beach. When you see **Danny Nolan**'s shots of cheeky Carol, you may be tempted to go and join her. Or you may prefer to shed the wintertime blues by feasting your eyes on lovely Keran Thornton. Keran's ambition is to run a holiday resort on a Barrier Reef island. Hey, before you go and pack, take time to dip into our final pictorial. Last but not least is gorgeous Teri Weigel and we've labelled **Richard Fegley** and **David Mecey**'s photo spread of her *Heat Wave*. It'll only take a second to figure out why.

From affairs of the heart, we move down to the stomach, with **Herbert B. Livesey**'s *Pastabilities*. Sophia Loren once said, "All I am today, I owe to pasta." On that recommendation alone, we suggest you cook up some for the lady in your life. The sensuous photo is by **Richard Izui**. And, assuming you have an appetite for humor, you'll love **Colin Bowles**'s *It's A Mug's Game*, a very comical tack on the America's Cup challenge in Perth next year. The uproarious artwork is from the pen of **Bill Leak**. If you've ever wondered what makes Aussie sheilas so unique, you'd better study **Robert Treborlang**'s Men column for some hilarious revelations. And if it's ever occurred to you that you just couldn't get through a month without Australian PLAYBOY, don't give it a second thought. We'll be back next month.

Promise.



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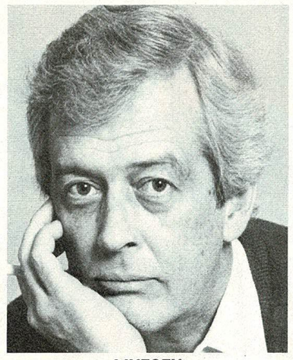
LEAK



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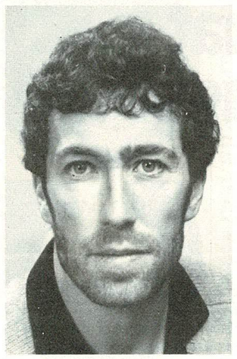

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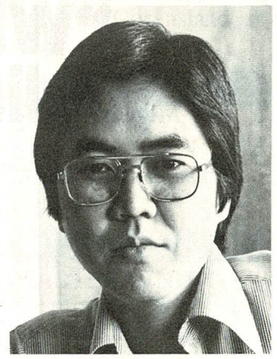

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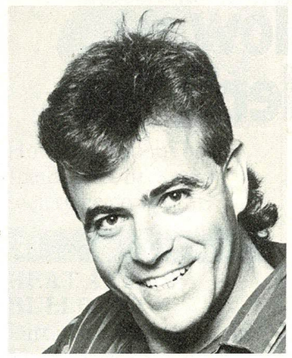

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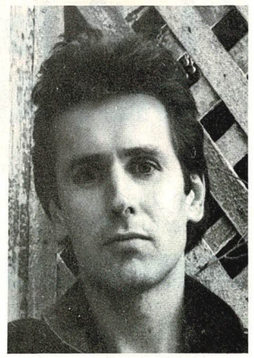

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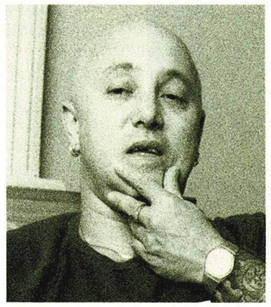

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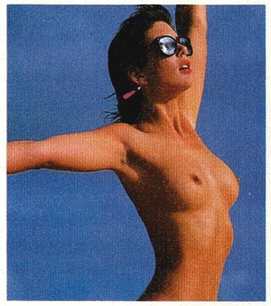

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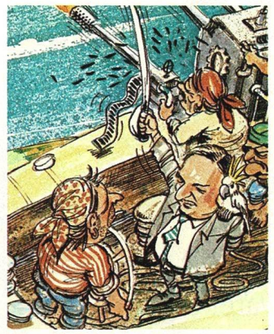

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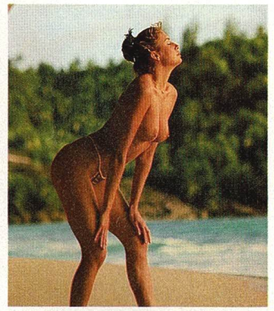

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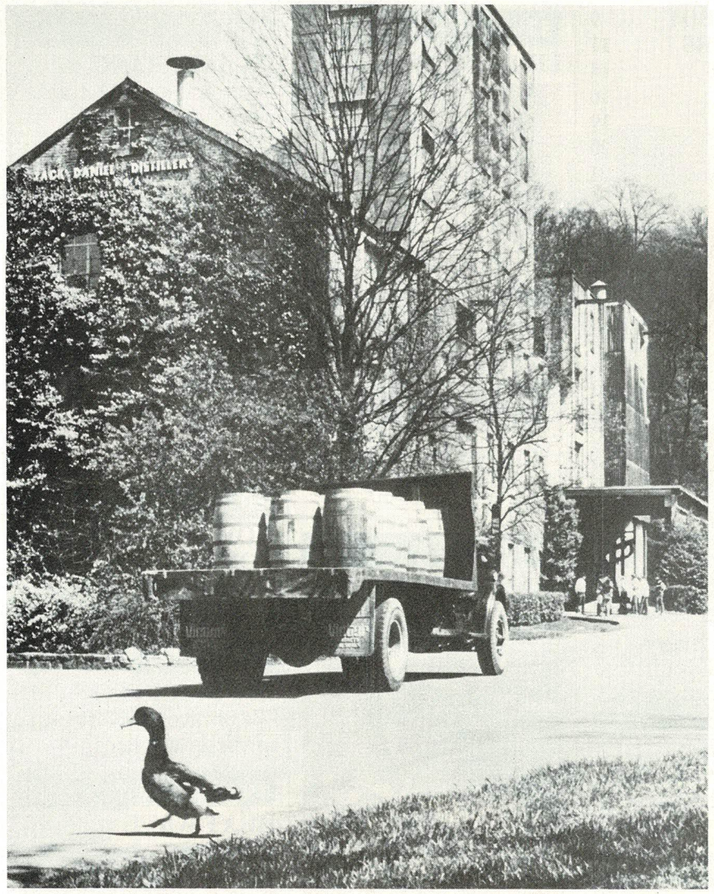

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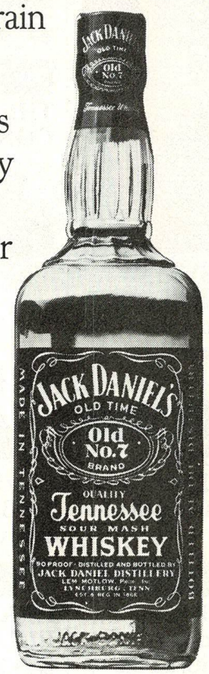

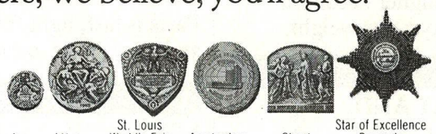

If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB4157/85 JWT644.P286K1

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

TERROR OF RAPE

I'm writing in regard to the article in your March issue about the guy whose girlfriend was raped while he was restrained by another bloke. The same thing happened to me five years ago. I was out one night with my girlfriend at the time, having a few drinks at a club when a couple of yahoos started hassling us. It was summer and my girl was dressed pretty skimpily, but it must have been obvious that we were a couple just out for the night to enjoy each other's company. She wasn't trying to lead other guys up the garden path, but these fellas must have had a bit too much to drink and followed us after we left to go home.

There's something very alienating when a couple of big blokes confront you on a dark roadside, and not with the intention of beating the shit out of you. No, rape is more brutal than that.

I've had a few fights in my life, but when your girlfriend is the one directly threatened, there is no greater feeling of helplessness. It takes a magazine of Australian PLAYBOY's quality to bring these kinds of emotions into the open. My life since that day has never been the same, much like that of the writer of *Witness To Rape*. If men are capable of such animal acts, they should take one small minute to contemplate what it would be like if they were a male companion watching the love of their life being brutally raped. No, it doesn't sound so crash hot, does it?

Now maybe you should publish a story on sex offenders and what their feelings are about castration. It sounds pretty tough, but that's what I reckon the sentence should be. That's coming from a red-blooded male who considers his woman one of the world's greatest gifts, but who saw his favorite girl humiliated, tortured and beaten by men worth less than trash. An event like that can turn your head around; it did mine. I hope your article has affected many others.

J.C.,
Newcastle, NSW.

SOUNDING OFF

I read *Beats Workin'* (January) with great interest and hope it goes some of the way to dispelling the "money for nuthin' " attitude that's widely held by Australians.

However, I believe the article paid too little attention to the independent recording scene and those musicians who produce alternative or non-commercial music. If anyone can complain about the imbalance between work inputs versus rewards and satisfaction gained, it's those people who, by producing innovative music, ensure commercial failure.

Australia has an extremely fertile rock industry and the music has a much harder edge than that of the USA. This is due to more experimentation in Australian music — blending different styles, developing new sounds and crafting new songs. It's essential that the larger companies subsidise research and development. Life does exist outside the Top 40!

Australia has no deficit of new talent and the Australian rock scene should have a very bright future indeed.

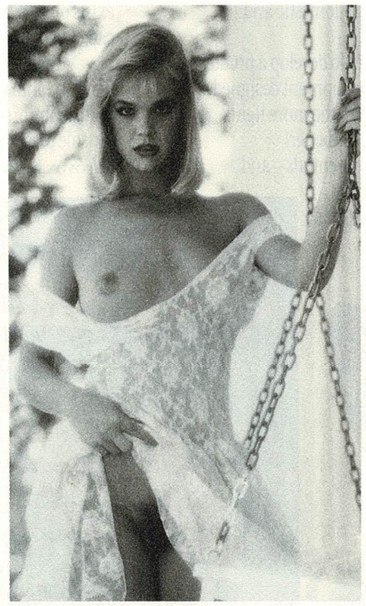
A. Marshall,
Newtown, NSW.

BREATHLESS

The voluptuousness and sheer beauty of the women in Australian PLAYBOY has always amazed me but Julie McCullough (March) has me gasping for breath. And to think that she's ever been worried about her looks! She's so sensational that I'd cut off my right, well, you-know-what, just to be in the same room as her!

Jeremy L.,
Belconnen, ACT.

My God, Jeremy, we hope you mean your right arm! Please keep this pic of Julie close at all times and don't do anything drastic — Ed.



WILD STUFF

I am merely writing to tell you that if Regina Wild, Miss January, is not the Playmate Of The Century, then there is no justice on this earth!

Jeff Moore,
Alice Springs, NT.

THE UNIVERSITY DEBATE

I own a small business manufacturing mechanical items for the automotive industry, and in my day I've employed them all: young kids straight out of high school right through to over-qualified university graduates who were so bloody-well educated they couldn't organise a piss-up in a brewery.

I was interested to see your story in March this year, *Success By Degrees*? I think one of the biggest questions we have to ask ourselves is whether our universities are actually delivering the goods when it comes to employable young Australians. I'm not talking about specific career paths, nor the sciences, but the courses that supposedly give students a broad education, some idea of their own capabilities and hopefully some impression of the world beyond the schoolyard.

In my opinion universities are a dismal failure in this regard. And to broaden the point a bit further, secondary schools aren't doing so well either.

The biggest thing lacking in many people just entering the workforce is energy and commitment to doing well, even at the beginning of a working life. I suspect those mentioned in your story who have succeeded have devoted most of their lives to work and success, without fear of ridicule from their peers. They also have a fair amount of common sense in the real world.

Most uni graduates I've employed wouldn't know their arse from their elbow. Maybe it's about time someone set up a course to teach this; he'd probably make a million bucks and get into your next story on successful Australians.

M. Johnson,
Melbourne, Vic.

AS GOOD AS GOLD

Most impressed with sexy Sandy Walker from the Gold Coast (March). So impressed, in fact, that I'm willing to trade four Victorian women for one similar Gold Coast girl!

Come to think of it, it'd be less trouble for me to buy a one-way ticket to Coolangatta. Sandy, you're a walking advertisement for the Sunshine State. No wonder Queensland cops all the tourists.

J.R.C.,
Bendigo, Vic.

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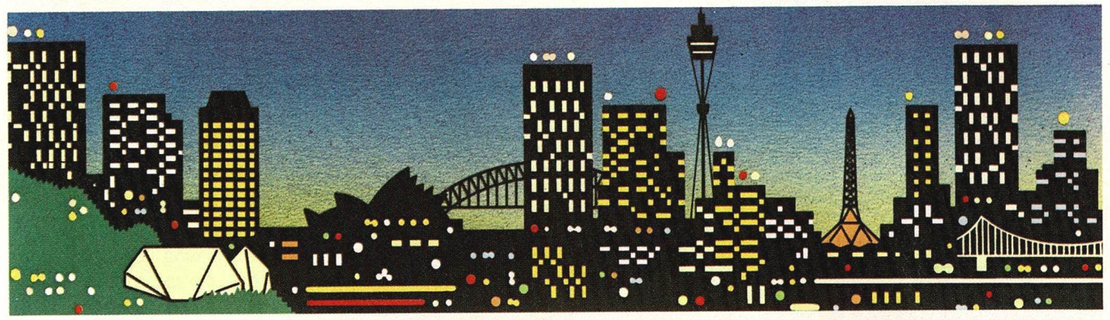

MOUSE TRAP

That august NSW country journal, *The Gunnedah Independent*, recently reported that Professor Geoffrey Blainey was a mite puzzled a while back when his secretary told him that Mickey Mouse from Canada was on the phone.

He was even more taken aback when the person on the phone asked him if he would be a guest speaker, staying for the weekend. After a moment or two of total confusion, the matter was cleared up when the caller identified himself as Mikie Maas of Gunnedah.

YOU-KNOW-WHAT OF A JOB

When the Northern Territory Government established the University Planning Authority, the chancellor was probably unaware of the acronym for "Chancellor (of the) University (of the) Northern Territory".

IT'S ALL IN THE NAME

Our spies tell us that Melbourne's most salubrious massage parlor is in Horne Street, Elsternwick, but the city's seediest brothels are across the river in Droop Street, Footscray.

And one of Melbourne's most notorious parlors of past years used to be next door to the Department of Veteran Affairs. Its name? The Gentle Touch!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

A certain Rosalinda de Hernandez of the Central American nation of Honduras had a rather nasty shock recently when her family doctor told her that her "husband" of nine years was actually a woman. What's more, her spouse was six months pregnant.

The true sex of husband Gustavo became public when "he" was killed in a bar brawl and the doctor was required to perform an autopsy. Rosalinda, who claimed she had no idea who the father of Gustavo's child could be, also said she never suspected her husband could be a woman.

She did comment, however, that she'd found it odd that Gustavo always avoided being naked in her presence. From what we can gather, reporters were too bamboozled to even begin questioning poor Rosalinda about her sex life.

STICKY BUSINESS

And now for a flash from the Queensland city of Townsville. Seems an exhibitionist has been terrorising mature residents of Housing Commission units in a Townsville suburb.

A local newspaper, *The Advertiser*, reported one incident thus: "The man has been seen by women dressed only in a T-shirt, if that, and does not stop at mere exhibitionism. He masturbates in front of them. Some residents had the unpleasant task of hosing down their front porches early the next morning."

A local police sergeant confirmed that the matter was being taken in hand, as it were, by the positioning of an undercover policewoman in one of the target blocks of units.

"He seems to be doing it in spasms," the policeman reported. "We can't get a pattern on his activities as he may operate for a short period of time and not return until a long time later."

Meanwhile, a local resident admitted she was perplexed by the man's behavior. "Normal people masturbate at home," she commented, "and not on someone else's front porch."

If you ask us, this flasher is doomed to come to a sticky end.

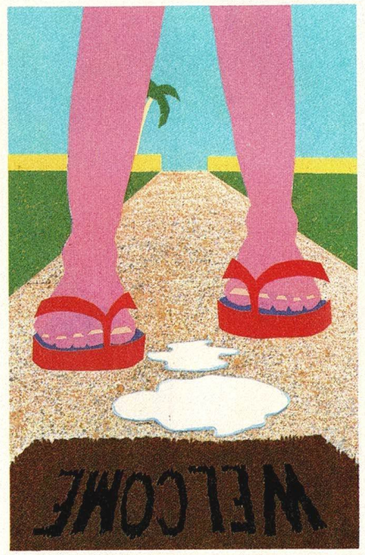

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR TERLETZKY

BEATING THE CISTERN

Feel as if you've spent most of your life pissing into the wind? Then hop on to a jet, nip over to Tokyo and join a toilet think-tank which has just been founded in The Land Of The Rising Sun.

The Japanese Toilet Association recently announced the formation of the think-tank to "upgrade the functions of lavatories in daily living". Subjects such as washroom administration, bowel movements and nervous tension are discussed, and members pay the equivalent of $10 to sit in on those discussions.

RIDE OF HIS LIFE

A 33-year-old Queensland man was jailed a while back for a drink-driving offence. Nothing odd about that, except the bloke was arrested while riding his horse down the wrong side of a double-lane highway.

The bloke may have been blind drunk but we have every reason to believe that the blinkered horse was merely feeling frisky.

TO CATCH A THIEF

According to recent newspaper reports, there's been a rash of department store robberies in Sydney. Appears that professional thieves are hiding out overnight in certain stores, helping themselves to loads of loot, and then strolling out just after the doors open next morning.

Not that it always works, of course, especially if you're a bit of a dope fiend as well. We heard of one light-fingered operator who was discovered in the dead of night holed up in the women's lingerie department of a large store. Security men found him by following a trail of marijuana smoke.

The 22-year-old suspect was found reclining under a clothes rack wearing some $3500 worth of jewellery. And, we guess, feeling no pain!

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STREETLIFE

If you know how to work the system, jail can be a viable alternative to parking fines.

It may seem amazing, but it's true. I've just earned, well, saved, $375 daily simply by going to jail. Until then the very thought of jail caused me fear and dread. Jails were unspeakably horrible places occupied by bullying warders as well as by desperate, and sometimes savage and vicious, inmates. Jail was a place to be dragged off to, kicking and screaming!

Now I know differently. Given the right circumstances, jail is a viable alternative to, say, a large fine.

Recently, two young constables from Sydney Central Police Station knocked on my door. They explained politely that they had 12 warrants against me for unpaid parking fines, and that it was their duty to collect said fines. The younger officer explained that the warrants totalled $750 and would I please give them the cash now! Well sure, boys, that's the kind of cash I always keep in my back pocket. I asked if any other options were available. As it turned out the choice was: pay the fines; or go to jail. Just like Monopoly.

Neither appealed as having much merit. I pleaded poverty and asked them to give me some breathing space to work matters out, but the older officer then ominously threatened me with immediate jail. Figuring that they had that power, but they could hardly expect me to have $750 cash at 8.30pm, I promised that I'd see a Chamber Magistrate. That seemed to satisfy them.

The Chamber Magistrate confirmed that I had Hobson's Choice, indeed. Pay the fines or go to jail! Oh, there was another alternative. He could arrange payment on an instalment plan, but as I really didn't want to pay a brass razoo either way, going to jail was starting to look damned enticing.

The law decrees that going to jail reduces the fine by $25 per day. That seems like a puny amount, but there is a rider which changes the picture dramatically. The $25 daily rate applies to each fine concurrently. If you have 10 warrants, each day in jail works off $250, and the largest single fine determines the number of days jail to be served. If the largest fine is $50, say, then the stay in jail would be two days.

The jail-keeper can also use a bit of discretion, which can considerably shorten a jail stay. Let's take my experience as an example. The largest single fine was $100, equalling four days' jail. An official police lock-up day begins at midnight, so presenting yourself at 11.30pm is equivalent to starting jail 23½ hours earlier. And if your last day in jail is Sunday, it's usually waived on remission. Arrange your time and day of going to jail so that Sunday is the last day, and Saturday afternoon will almost certainly see your departure.

With that firmly in mind, and my largest fine being $100, it was apparent that the best time to go to jail was Thursday evening. I presented myself to the lock-up and discussed booking arrangements with the good lads in blue. After some study they confirmed my calculations that I would be out of jail on Saturday. What little remained of Thursday was counted as one day, Sunday remission was a day in lieu and I was in the pokey exactly 48 hours. Since the fines totalled $750, I figured I earned $375 per day while in jail plus free accommodation for the weekend which isn't too bad an alternative to paying the whole amount.

Money wasn't the whole story. I didn't want to be sent to Long Bay, Parramatta or some lock-up among old lags, and those awful stories kept haunting me. The accommodation I wanted was a nice little cell all to myself in some small country jail away from the murderers and rapists.

Though I'd been assured I would be safe, further investigations revealed the usual daily practice of clearing small jails of inmates and sending them to the dreaded Long Bay. The officers who deliver warrants do not have the authority to make such assurances stick, and transfer decisions are made by the officers in charge of lock-ups, who work shifts and may not be there the next day!

Small lock-ups transfer inmates to larger prisons throughout the state; but no transfers can take place without the actual warrants in the jailer's hands. For instance if you go to Waverley lock-up in Sydney's eastern suburbs and the warrants are at Central, the warrants can be placed in the next squad car from Central to Waverley; a matter of hours. You can then be placed on the next shuttle bus for Long Bay.

Obviously, the answer is to delay the transfer of the warrants until it's too late to move you; place distance between the jailer and the warrants. I presented myself to the jailer at Nowra, 160km south of my warrants still at Central. This tactic created the necessary delay and when I left on Saturday the Nowra jail still hadn't received them. Remember, they must accept you at whichever jail you present yourself.

I got to Nowra jail on a Thursday at 6.30 pm, too late for dinner. I explained that there were some warrants out for me and that I couldn't afford to pay. The desk officer said that it would take some time to obtain a computer listing of the warrants and so I might as well go out and get some dinner. When I went back about an hour later the listing was complete. The only identification needed was my name, age and birthdate. They didn't fingerprint me, nor did they require positive identification. The charge officer then removed my valuables and placed them in a plastic bag and wrote a log of the individual items. They allowed me to take my shaving kit and reading material into the cell, though either of these could have been refused. Cigarettes, too, aren't allowed.

The cell paced out at three by seven metres, had a concrete floor, and was empty except for a water fountain and a toilet. My bed was basically a gym mat with plenty of blankets that smelled a little of past occupants. There was a buzzer near the cell door which summoned the jailer.

Except for meals, they left me completely alone, which suited me fine. The food was quite satisfactory. Breakfast consisted of spaghetti on toast or scrambled eggs and a cup of tea. Lunch was a salad or fish and chips. Dinner was a hot meal of grilled ham and salad or chicken and vegetables.

There were no windows in the cell and the lights in the hall were always on. So my activities consisted entirely of eating, sleeping, reading and the toilet. There was no shower, but the water fountain allowed me to shave and brush my teeth.

The lights in my cell were turned on or off at my request. I would have been bored stupid if I hadn't taken enough reading material with me. One recurring thought was, would I do it again? I figured that if I had enough fines built up to make it worth while, why not!

— GREG CARR

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MONEY

What will you do when you win Lotto? Better start thinking about your investment portfolio!

Although I have never bought a ticket, I've often dreamed about what it would be like to win the first division Lotto prize. All that money. . . and tax free! On the other hand, perhaps it's just as well I haven't won. I've seen enough television shows to know that overnight riches can cause serious problems: living above your station, a taste for fast company (and the loss of the sweet girl who loved you when you were poor), thieving servants and the need to make even more money to maintain an expensive new lifestyle.

Now, I'm not saying it's better to be poor; I have little doubt that rich is better. But it *is* possible to be unhappy either way. When you have no money, you spend your time worrying about how to get some. When you finally save a few bucks, you worry about how to invest it. And such worrying is justified. Whether you have $1000 or $1,000,000, investing your money requires careful planning and a fair degree of self-knowledge.

Let's start with the basics. It's foolish to leap into the share market (or any other investment) just because you have a few extra dollars. Before you do any investing, you must make certain you have a financial "safety net" — a savings account. The size of your safety net depends on your individual circumstances. If your grandfather, the one who walked off into the bush in 1935, dies leaving you sole heir to his Kalgoorlie gold-mine, you can put 10 percent in the bank and feel comfortable investing the rest. In contrast, if all you have is $2000 and a boss who keeps complaining about the high costs of labor, you'd be crazy to put your money into anything riskier than a savings account or cash management trust. Although it's impossible to apply a single rule to everyone, most financial advisers recommend a safety net equal to three months' after-tax pay.

If you have put money aside for emergencies and you find there is still some left over, it's time to consider building wealth through careful investments. But which ones? Investment options range from risk-free government bonds to the risky, roller-coaster world of the futures market. In between these two extremes there are shares, bonds, real estate, collectibles and many others, each with its own degree of risk.

Two people with identical assets and the same investment goals may reach totally different investment decisions depending on the risks they are willing to take. One person may prefer to put his money into a bank interest bearing deposit (IBD) account while another could choose to buy shares in a new high-technology company.

The first investor is conservative: he doesn't want to put his money at risk and he lacks the time and inclination to "play the market". This investor is willing to let compound interest increase his wealth. At 12 percent interest, his money will double every six years. The share market investor is willing to take a bigger risk for a potentially larger gain. (In general, a riskier investment grows faster than a conservative one, but less cautious investors also have an increased probability of losing everything.)

If you are the type of person who is easily panicked, you should avoid risky enterprises. You may be frightened into selling out prematurely at a loss when holding on a little longer would have produced a gain. On the whole, nervous people are better off putting their money in the bank.

Clearly, choosing the investment that is best for you means understanding yourself, particularly your attitude toward risk. Self-knowledge must *precede* investing. If you don't already know the type of person you are, the investment market will prove an expensive place to find out.

Investments are usually divided into two categories: those that provide current income such as savings accounts, bonds and cash management trusts, and those that have at least the potential for capital gain such as shares and real estate. Which type is for you? The answer depends on your stage of life. For most readers of this magazine, capital growth is a more important goal than current income. For older people nearing retirement, income is more important. Recent changes to the tax laws have now made capital gains less lucrative but it remains true that real wealth can only come from the ownership of appreciating assets.

Economic climates change so there is no single investment that is best for all times. The wisest approach is to diversify by dividing your investment dollars into three parts. The first part is devoted to conservative investments: savings accounts, deposits in cash management trusts, government bonds and your own home. The second part consists of growth investments such as shares in solid companies. The final part of your investment portfolio should be given over to riskier investments such as speculative shares, options, futures contracts and so on. When you are young, you can afford to place a substantial amount of your investment dollars in risky investments. However, as you get older and your responsibilities increase, the balance should shift toward more cautious options.

If you are just starting out building an investment portfolio, your best strategy is to begin by investing in an equity trust. Equity trusts pool money from many subscribers and invest this money on their behalf, usually in high quality shares. Equity trusts allow the small investor to take advantage of quantity discounts from brokers and to receive the benefits of professional management. When you have built up some money in an equity trust, you can start picking some shares on your own. Aim to buy the shares of six or seven companies selected from different parts of the economy (transport, manufacturing, mining, entertainment, publishing, services).

Most new investors favor the shares of well-known large companies. But such companies have a difficult time growing any larger than they already are, so a better strategy is to stick with small to medium-sized companies.

From shares you can branch out to other investments such as stock options or real estate and, if you wish to live especially dangerously, futures contracts. Eventually, if you do your homework and have good luck, you will find yourself with a substantial portfolio of investments. Review these investments periodically aiming for a blend of shares and income-generating investments such as bonds. The income and capital generated by these investments can greatly improve your standard of living and your sense of security. Who knows, you may even get rich!

— SETH GREGORY

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WOMEN

Females are soft, sweet, fluffy and feminine? Huh! When was the last time you went to the footie?

From a very early age females are conditioned to be charming and sweet, soft and passive. We are advised to bury our aggression. Our mother tells us to use our feminine wiles to get what we want.

We don't grab, shout, hit or use foul language. We wheedle, pout, cajole, stamp our pretty little feet, toss our curls and generally get what we want with only a wisp of physical exertion.

Well, that's the fairytale I've chosen to believe for the past three decades. Sure, I know there are female mud wrestlers in our midst. I've been told there are women who change their own tyres, build chook houses and know one end of a shifting spanner from the other.

I've never met one, by the way, but I acknowledge that they are around.

Seems I've been living in make-believe land. Women, it would appear, use language that would make a navvy blush, hurl beer cans, hit grown men over the head with big, striped flags, and attempt to strangle fellow females with long, woolly scarves.

Flags? Scarves? Yeah. Footie.

All of this was revealed to me when I fell for an ex-footballer. Farewell, weekends of fat books, classical music and Trivial Pursuit. G'day to the sheer theatrics of Sunday matinees at a chain of suburban ovals.

For the past six weeks I've sat on wind-whipped hills, had sauce-soaked hot dogs poked in my eyes, ruined every piece of foot attire I own and been savagely belted across the face by a rather large South Sydney groupie wielding a toothy, inflatable rabbit. I have entirely revised my opinion of the female gender.

It's all that suppression, you see. For years and years we're told to play with dolls, nurse our teddy bears, not to mess up our hair, to engage in civilised sports such as softball and tennis, and to raise our voices only at unco-operative shop assistants, naughty children and tradesmen who leave dirty marks on the carpet. How to let off steam?

How to be fierce, angry and, above all, bloody noisy?

As I'm maddeningly short-sighted and have only a passing interest in what happens on the football field, I've been able to watch the spectators instead.

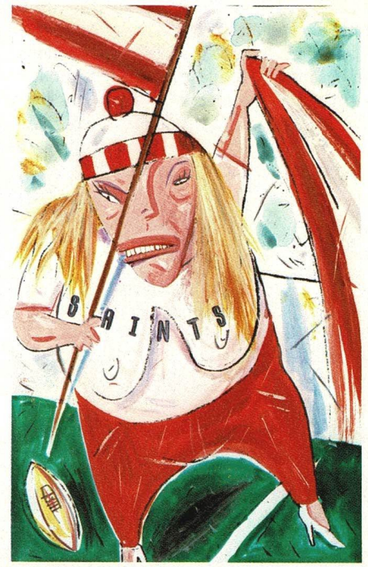
The first jolt was the number of female fans in the crowds. They tend to stand out: they're the ones with the biggest flags, the loudest voices and the largest armories of supporter weaponry. Here is how the ranks are divided:

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK TREMLETT

FORWARDS

These females are the most aggressive. They devour meat pies in a single mouthful and have a predatory gleam in their eyes. They lust after sweaty flesh and are ever ready to lunge at a stray winger. They are more interested in the construction of footballers' thighs than the skill of their tactics.

They drape bedsheets over the fences emblazoned with messages such as WE LOVE YA, GAZZA AND KILLER or CALL CHERYL AND MARLENE FOR A GOOD TIME. They throw beer cans and old chip buckets at the ref and rip out with lines like KICK HIM IN THE BALLS! or GET ORF HIM, YOU BLOODY MONGREL! They own entire wardrobes of clothing in their teams' colors. Their teeth are very sharp.



These professional football junkies chastise their husbands or boyfriends for swearing in public and, if you encounter one in a bar, she'll flutter her eyelashes demurely and tell you she only drinks those smart new triple tequila sunrises.

THE HALVES

Women in this category position themselves mid-way between the forwards and the back line. They keep a watchful eye on the TV cameras covering the game and are always ready to wave their flags, scarves and mascots on cue. They sometimes take their knitting with them and can be seen at half-time lovingly engineering beanies, mile-long scarves, leg-warmers and travel rugs for their favorite players.

They often understand the strategy of the game and even go as far as clapping the opposing team when they jog on to the field. Mind you, if you're an enemy supporter and you dare to intrude into their camp, they'll fight to the death to defend their territory. I can still feel the sudden sting of the inflatable plastic rabbit across my brow.

The halves usually hold positions of minor influence in the public service and are opposed to nuclear war, uranium mining, physical violence, abortion, apartheid, and tennis brats wielding heavy weapons.

THE BACK LINE

Females who hide up the back are well on their way to advancing down to the halves. I started out at the rear. That's where you stand till you've really got the hang of it. You have to pass a few initiation rites, you see. First there's choosing the right color scheme. Will you look your best in gold and black or would red and white set off your brunette curls? It's a dilemma that sometimes takes even three matches to solve.

Once you've decided and bought a few token pieces of supporter paraphernalia (a T-shirt, lapel button and a few hair ribbons usually do for starters), you then have to learn how to eat a Chiko roll with one hand and wave a flag with the other. Then you have to remember the name of your team, work out the numbers of a few key players, and realise that if your team's not winning, then the bastard ref has to be to blame.

The very first time a female in the back line plucks up the courage to shout encouragement to her team, she is likely to squawk WELL DONE, BULLDOGS! or GO FOR IT, TIGERS! She has to learn that it's far more important to hurl abuse at the enemy. Once she has advanced to the stage of GO BACK WHERE YA CAME FROM, YA PACK OF FUCKIN' POOFTERS! she's ready to move camp to the halves.

I've decided that football is very therapeutic. We all need to rid ourselves of the aggression that mounts from the various pressures of study, work, and just day-to-day survival in the '80s.

Spectator sport gives women all over Australia the perfect opportunity to enjoy fresh air, exercise their lungs and shed pent-up emotion.

Think of it this way. After a rip-snorting arvo at the footie, she's going to be too damned exhausted to start having a go at you.

Just don't get any fancy ideas about swearing at her or chucking your beer cans around the living room. After all, you *are* dealing with a lady.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

MEN

If you stand in the corner and play dumb, the typical Aussie sheila will make the first move.

All over the world women always blame men for everything that goes wrong. It's always the men who don't understand, who don't know how to use it (and when they *do* know, it's usually not big enough). It's the men who are heavy handed, clumsy and unaware. They ignore women's needs, sacrifices and orgasms. Men also forget anniversaries, birthdays, shopping, the lot.

But not in Australia. Australian women's expectations of their men are far too low to blame them for anything. Brought up on a strict pioneering diet of affection and tenderness, the Australian woman is tough, resilient and outspoken. And the men who are serious about getting on with the opposite sex in Australia have learned the art of being passive.

While male elegance and *savoir-faire* may turn on Parisian girls and bare-back yak riding excite Tibetan beauties, acting passive seems to satisfy the average Australian female. Give Aussie lasses an ordinary bloke who just sits in a corner for hours staring at his own feet, and they go all sort of gooey.

"Isn't he lovely?"

"You can feel strength oozing from him!"

"And he can read, too!"

North American women might demand of their men the sacrifice of a 15-hour working day, Polynesian belles might expect their men to come hurtling down a 30m bamboo tower on a slender rope, but for Australian sheilas, the ultimate turn-on is a life-long and deeply committed unresponsiveness in their men.

"He's big and dopey but I love him!"

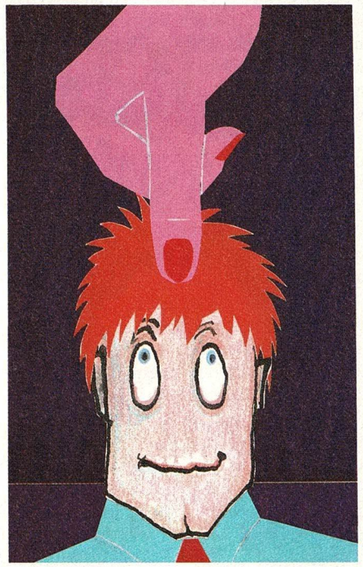
"Hasn't spoken in seven years but I know he wants me."

"He might be boring but he's reliable."

Indeed, to outsiders the penchant of Australian women for men who sit in corners all night must seem less than exciting. Australian men, of course, know better. They understand only too well that the less energy they expend, the greater their chances. For this reason the woman has to be allowed to take the initiative, otherwise they'll never get anywhere.

It's important to see the Australian woman as she really is, so full of contradiction, wanting romance as long as it doesn't look like romance, because deliberate romance is really seduction, and that's so humiliating you shouldn't even consider it. Ask her and she will tell you: tenderness can't have a purpose; seduction is really an insult; wanting a relationship is clinging, not wanting one, a hang-up; making the first move is harassment, not making a move means you're a poof; screwing on first dates, exploitation, not screwing, impotence; giving presents, you're after something, and so on.

I realised the importance of acting passive when I took an overseas visitor to his first Aussie party. Having sighted a few attractive girls, he proceeded to go through the ritual wooing process so successful in Europe. He told stories, recited poems, made people laugh, even made them sigh. Around two in the morning I noticed that the women he had worked so hard to win were going off with guys who'd been glumly sitting around in corners all night. I explained to him later that while the object of his desire was talking to the entertaining visitor, she was secretly eyeing some silent admirer who, drink in hand, never moved all night from his corner. Eventually, as the party wound down, she made her move.



"You're very quiet," she purred.

"I'm all right," he answered.

"You don't seem to be enjoying yourself."

"I'm not a party person."

"Neither am I really."

"I like to get to know people one at a time."

"Why don't we go outside then?"

"All right."

With typical European pragmatism, my friend immediately wanted to know how to be passive *and* get women to want to go to bed with him. I explained that he must let them make the first move. Lines to recognise are:

"You haven't said much."

"I'll just stand here with you."

"I've got a really good bottle of wine."

And then, so you won't think she is too forward, she might add, "It was on special."

Next, to be truly successful with the opposite sex in Australia, you must learn the art of sex by attrition. Australian women are strong-minded beings who like to make up their own minds as to who is going to seduce them. More than anything else, they hate the idea of someone deliberately setting out to have sex with them. A man may have designs, he may even entertain desires, but those should not be revealed under any circumstances. In fact all mention of real intentions should be denied.

"You blokes are all after the same thing."

"What are you talking about?"

"You just want to use me."

"I don't know what you mean."

Half-hearted excuses such as "What's wrong with that?" or "I haven't had it for weeks" just won't do. Even the slightest admission of desire can lead to untold complications.

"You're not a bad sort, are you?"

"Thanks."

"How about we get together?"

"I knew you'd turn out to be a creep."

The truth of this situation became clear to me when I met an average-looking Australian bloke who was always in the company of some new and attractive female. The girls hung on to his arm and seemed happy even though he did little to stimulate them. After a while I felt compelled to broach the subject.

"These women seem quite fond of you."

"Not bad, is it?"

"But you never take any notice of them."

"Can't be bothered."

"But you get them all into bed."

"Yep."

"I'd like to know your secret."

"It's no secret, mate. I just wait around until we run out of other things to do."

After some questioning, a pattern emerged.

Successful Australian lovers, it seems, take their partners out for drinks, they eat something, then they walk a bit, have a few more drinks, go to a movie, drive back to either one's place, sit around, look at the telly, have a snack, watch the late news, have another drink, sit around some more and then, when there is absolutely nothing left to do, when they run out of all other possibilities, they go to bed. After all, it's easier to have sex than say goodbye.

It's sex by attrition.

"But don't you get bored?" I asked my acquaintance.

"Oh, no, once the sex is out of the way, we usually go out and have a good time!"

— ROBERT TREBORLANG

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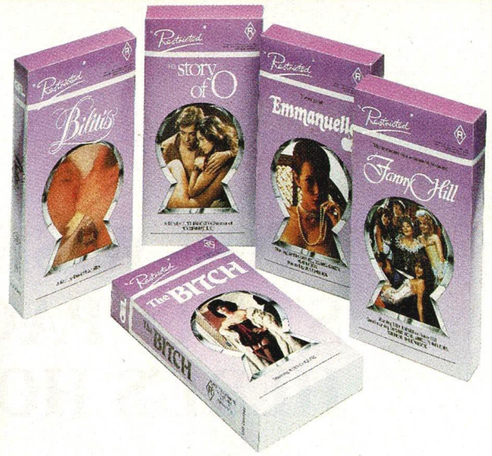

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1. Entry is open to all residents of Australia over the age of 18, except employees of UTA French Airlines, the Accor Hotel Group and their relatives or agents.
2. The winning entrant will receive a one week holiday for two in Tahiti, with return airfare on UTA French Airlines and staying at the Maeva Beach Hotel, courtesy of the Accor Hotel Group. Meals and other incidentals are not included in the prize.
3. All entries must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form. Enter as often as you wish but please, only one entry per envelope.
4. Chance plays no part in determining the winner. All entries will be opened and judged by a competent judging panel on correctness and artistic merit. The judges' decision will be final and no further correspondence entered into.
5. Description of the contest and instructions on how to enter form part of the contest conditions. All entries and copyright remain the property of UTA French Airlines.
6. Passport and incidental travel are the sole responsibility of the prize winner and if the prize cannot be taken due to these or any other reasons, the Promoter will not be deemed responsible for making any other arrangements. The winning entrant will be bound by the normal booking facilities of UTA French Airlines and the Maeva Beach Hotel.
7. The prize offered is not transferable or redeemable for cash and must be taken up before 31 December 1986.
8. The winning entrant shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his or her winning entry in person, and allow the Promoter to use his or her name and photographic likeness as they may reasonably require.
9. All entries must be received by 16 June 1986. The winning entrant will be notified by mail and the results published in The Australian on 28 June 1986.
10. The Promoter is UTA French Airlines.

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SPORT

In the USA you can make a mint being a gold medal winner. In Oz it's a very different game.

Sprinter Carl Lewis has made more than a million dollars from a combination of endorsements, appearance fees and prize-money. The big, black and beautiful American winner of four Olympic gold medals in Los Angeles two years ago is doing pretty well for an amateur.

Australian swimming gold medallist Jon Sieben still pays 60 cents every time he goes training at the 1982 Commonwealth Games swimming stadium in Brisbane. Sieben considers himself very lucky, however, because he has a "job" which pays him a good, if average, salary, so he can afford such necessities. He also still pays his coach, Laurie Lawrence, and all other training or competition costs and expenses.

American Mary Decker, whose fall during the Los Angeles Olympic 3000 metres final after striking Zola Budd's heel made more news headlines than the eventual winner did, earned around $750,000 in 1985. In their fatuous rematch in London that year, both runners received around $185,000 from US television merely for taking part.

Australia's only golden girl in LA, Adelaide heptathlete Glynis Nunn, would have considered herself fortunate if she had earned $35,000 during 1985 for all of her activities, which included working for the Australian sugar industry, TV and journalism, and personal appearances. Like Jon Sieben, however, Glynis thinks she is quite fortunate to have full-time employment which still enables her to take time off for training and competition.

Australia's third, and perhaps most lauded and popular Los Angeles Olympic gold medallist, South Australian weightlifter Dean Lukin, didn't do too badly in the short term but doesn't have a steady job as a result of his Olympic success. But then Dean already had a secure job in the family's Port Lincoln fishing business. The only trouble is that the boss (his father) doesn't allow him time off for training or competition and, as a shareholder in the family company, Dean supports this ruling.

"When the fish are running you've just got to be there," Dean explains without rancor or regret at his failure to command the kind of fortunes some of the top overseas Olympic champions seem to attract so easily.

In America it's possible to make a career out of being a gold medallist. But whereas the Americans can, and some do, command high sums of money during their peak of prominence and popularity, in Australia you can count yourself lucky if you earn an average, or slightly better, living while in your prime. Fortunately, Australia's current gold medallists are all sensible enough not to expect much more, or even to be disappointed enough to drop out of their chosen sport.

Lukin, Nunn and Sieben will all be among Australia's leading contenders for Commonwealth Games gold medals in Edinburgh, Scotland, in July this year. But whether Edinburgh will offer the opportunity for them to earn more than they have from their LA successes or than they are earning now is entirely up to how they fare there.

The Olympic and Commonwealth Games always offer major media exposure opportunities but as far as Australians are concerned, there's little difference between Olympic and Commonwealth. Having the last Commonwealth Games in Brisbane, however, did have an influence on the local market.

"You have to keep on winning," says Graeme Hannan, marketing director of the world's major sports marketing and promotion organisation, International Management Group (IMG).

IMG is reputed to do more than $300 million of business annually on behalf of its many clients worldwide. They include such major media luminaries as Muhammad Ali, and even the Pope. IMG also markets Wimbledon and the US Open Golf Tournament, and will do part of the marketing for the America's Cup in Perth. It seems strange that the company doesn't manage any of our leading individual LA Olympic gold medallists.

Hannan looks after Australia and New Zealand, and his biggest names (and also income-earners) include John Newcombe, John Bertrand and Robert de Castella. Deek would probably have earned a smallish six-figure sum from running, personal appearances and endorsements during the past year, despite finishing only 5th in LA.

"If Deek had won in Los Angeles, his earnings would almost certainly have been at least around the quarter of a million dollar mark and possibly more if he spent further time in the USA," Hannan says.

Thus Deek, despite not winning in LA, still makes more than any of the gold medal trio, Nunn, Lukin and Sieben. Indeed, his 1985 earnings may well be more than the three combined. And that shows gold medals are not necessarily an open ticket to financial security.

IMG's Hannan says there are several prerequisites for potential success as a marketable commodity. You need the right personality, natural or developed, and that's almost as important as a high media profile.

"Looks can be important," says Hannan, "but they don't have to be like movie stars. Their features and mannerisms must be pleasant; the more so, the more marketable the person."

Finally, says Hannan, the individual seeking to make his or her fortune from sporting success must be in a high-profile sport. John Newcombe, for instance, is a continuing, almost self-generating business. He even made it into *Business Review Weekly*'s list of the top 200 wealthiest Australians.

John Bertrand makes a tidy six-figure sum despite, or maybe partly because of his controversial autobiography. Surprisingly, America's Cup boat designer Ben Lexcen is another top income-earner among IMG's clients. In spite of not possessing the good looks expected of media stars, he still has a warm and trustworthy visage and a solid, old-fashioned Aussie personality which comes across well in advertising, from which much of his marketing income is generated.

Athletes such as de Castella and sprinter Darren Clark are likely to make much more money from their sport than, say, Sieben or Lukin, simply because track and field is a higher profile sport than swimming or weightlifting.

It's just as well our three individual LA Olympic gold medallists all feel strongly that winning gold for Australia and having that to their credit is much more valuable and important than making large sums of money. — MIKE AGOSTINI

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SHOWBIZ

Lucas and Spielberg hog the movie limelight; can the McElroys hit the US TV jackpot?

BILLION-DOLLAR BOX-OFFICE: The latest listings in showbiz bible *Variety* of all-time box-office winners put films by **Steven Spielberg** and **George Lucas** in each of the first five places. Top of the list is Spielberg's *E.T.*, followed by Lucas's *Star Wars* trilogy and then Spielberg's *Jaws*. Between them, Spielberg and Lucas account for $US1.54 *billion* ($A2.2 billion) in domestic rentals alone, made up of $US860m ($A1.2 billion) for Spielberg's 15 executive-produced and directed films and $US680m ($A1 billion) for Lucas's seven major movies. This includes a 50-50 split for their joint efforts on the two *Indiana Jones* movies.

Only two Spielberg movies have failed to make *Variety*'s top 500: his debut feature *Sugarland Express* and *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*. Even *1941*, the ultra expensive bomb which almost wrecked his career, has ended up recovering $US23m ($A34m) on the American market alone. Lucas missed out with his debut feature, *THX1138* and with *Twice Upon A Time*, *Kagemusha* and *Mishima*, on which he was producer.

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PARADISE MISPLACED: Did you know that Surfers Paradise is "a 20th Century Oasis where more happens in the three blocks between the shore line and the main highway than anywhere else in Australia"? Well, producers **Hal** and **Jim McElroy** are here to tell you that such a place does exist, and it "needs more than just a police force — it needs 'The Paradise Patrol'. Their mission? Make Surfers Paradise safe!" Or at least that's the way they're selling it to the US market, where a two-hour action adventure movie, *A Shark's Paradise*, is to be released later this year, with a major new TV series scheduled for 1987. We can only hope that the cops are Australian and not suitably acceptable American non-stars. Such seems to be the case with Roadshow, Coote and Carroll's *The Blue Lightning*, a private eye movie "starring" **Sam** *(Mask)* **Elliott** and **Robert** *(I Spy)* **Culp** searching Broken Hill for a missing opal alongside our own **Rebecca Gilling**, who presumably gets a look in because of the success of the amazing *Return To Eden* in the States. It never works but they keep trying! At least this one is scheduled for American CBS's Movie Of The Week and will be seen in Australia on the Seven Network. Also in the pipeline: *Frenchman's Farm*, a $2.5m thriller about a university student caught in a timewarp who witnesses the murder of a wartime soldier, starring **Ray Barrett, Norman Kaye, David Reyne** and **John Meillon.**

REELING AND ROCKING: **Willie Nelson, Johnny Cash, Kris Kristofferson** and **Waylon Jennings** are to star in a remake of the classic 1939 **John Ford** Western *Stagecoach*. . . **Carly Simon** is composing the soundtrack for *Heartburn*, which stars **Meryl Streep** and **Jack Nicholson**. . . Big Man **Clarence Clemmons** took a rest after the 15 month-long **Bruce Springsteen** world tour by appearing in a guest spot on *Diff'rent Strokes* as a saxophone teacher and releasing his smash duet with **Jackson Browne**, *You're A Friend Of Mine*. . . **Mental As Anything** hoping for big things from the release of *Live It Up* stateside, likewise **Eurogliders** with *Can't Wait To See You* after a terrific response to their new video from MTV. . . meanwhile the latest from the Brits is video highlights of the Falklands War, titled **Task Force South**. Can we now expect the Yanks to give us Great Moments From Vietnam. . . or Lebanon. . . or Grenada?

Kate Nelligan is Eleni, determined to save her children from the ravages of civil war.

VIDEO STIFFS: The trend in the video shops recently has been to mass-market certain titles for less than the price you'd have paid for a blank tape a few years ago, but till now companies have tended to concentrate on sure-fire TV winners such as *Gone With The Wind*, which went out for less than $40 for a two-tape package. Australian biggies have included *The Man From Snowy River* for under $20. Now CEL has decided to launch into the slightly blue market with six of the biggest restricted box-office hits of recent years: *The Case Of The Smiling Stiffs*, *Emmanuelle*, *The Story Of O*, *Fanny Hill*, *The Bitch* and *Bilitis*, all of which made quite a dent in mainstream cinemas. The price? Less than $25 each. It's hard work but someone has to do it.

•

THEY DON'T STAY THE SAME: After testing her mettle directing for the Sydney Theatre Company and making the odd short movie, **Robyn Nevin**, one of Australia's finest stage and movie actresses, has now made her first full-length feature, *The More Things Change*, with an all-star cast that includes the man who had a lot to do with *Bliss* becoming a smash hit, **Barry Otto**, as a bloke who decides to try farming as his latest excuse for failure. The toothsome and toothy **Judy Morris** plays the long-suffering wife who drives two hours into Melbourne each day to her job as a magazine editor in order to raise the money for him. Their delicate balance is upset when they hire a pregnant girl to look after their toddler, and her presence forces them to reassess their relationship. It's slight, but well made and promises greater things from another Aussie female director.

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current films

A Chorus Line *Gandhi*-man Attenborough brings smash stage musical to silver screen with mixed results. ¥¥¥

Agnes Of God Psychologist Jane Fonda investigates The Case Of The Pregnant Nun. Doesn't get anywhere. ¥¥

Dreamchild Alice, aged 80, finds that New York is a bit like Wonderland. Coral Browne, Ian Holm shine. ¥¥¥

Eleni US reporter returns to native Greece to find civil war criminal who tortured his mama, the wondrous Kate Nelligan. Harrowing stuff. ¥¥¥

Jagged Edge Did Jeff Bridges hack his wife to death? Lady lawyer Glenn Close sure hopes not. Good cliffhanger. ¥¥¥

The Journey Of Natty Gann A girl and a wolf ride the rails across Depression-stricken America. ¥¥

Kiss Of The Spider Woman Raul Julia and a gay William Hurt behind bars dreaming of Sonia Braga. ¥¥¥¥

Remo, Unarmed And Dangerous Spoof of Chuck Norris, karate and wishful thinking. Enjoyable hokum. ¥¥

Sweet Dreams The Patsy Cline story, with Jessica Lange making a luscious queen of country music. ¥¥

Twice In A Lifetime Hackman leaves Burstyn to find life after 50 with Ann-Margret. Up-market soap. ¥¥

White Nights Russian defector crash-lands in Russia! Thrills, spills, song and dance — and propaganda. ¥¥

Year Of The Dragon Tough cop Mickey Rourke fights Chinese gangs for control of NY streets. Gory. ¥¥¥

Young Sherlock Holmes Murder and mayhem at school with superb Spielbergian special effects. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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PMAD

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ANGRY ANDERSON

A candid conversation with Rose Tattoo's tough-talking front man about racism in Australia, body tatts, heavy metal music and fear of typecasting.

This year marks the conclusion of the first decade for proto-punk, heavy metal rockers Rose Tattoo: a life span for a rock group which puts them in the same longevity league as the Rolling Stones and the Delltones.

Yet the band has not had a major hit record for eight years and has never really transcended cult status in this country. Why then is Rose Tattoo still among the most visible bands in Australia? The answer is 162cm tall, bald and vividly tattooed. Gary "Angry" Anderson, Rose Tattoo's full-throated vocalist since the band began and its undisputed leader and inspiration for much of its life, can be loved or loathed but cannot be ignored.

His manic energy has kept the band together through internal turmoil and external apathy. The only original Tatt left, he has seen the group's musical fortunes wax and wane but he has never been swayed from his conviction that raw, honest rock'n'roll would see them through.

These days Angry Anderson is much, much more than a tattooed rock singer with a shiny skull. Now in his late thirties (Anderson is evasive about his age but informed sources say 37), Angry has come to be accepted as a volatile spokesperson for disaffected youth through his support of the drug rehabilitation centre, Odyssey House, and for his public outbursts on issues that get under his skin. He took this role one step further in 1985 with appearances on national television in the guise of commentator and interviewer on Ray Martin's Midday Show. Suddenly he was speaking up for the underdog of all ages. The blue-rinsed daytime television set who would have died if he'd taken their daughters out suddenly accepted him to their ample bosoms.

Last year also saw the release of Beyond Thunderdome, the third of the Mad Max movies and the first major movie role for Angry. His acting credentials were established with a menacing but thoughtful characterisation of Ironbar Bassey.

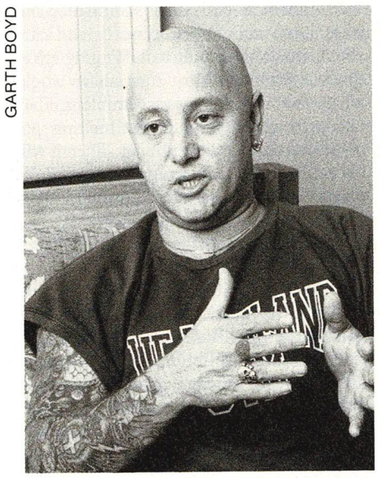
Without really trying, Angry had become ubiquitous: a multi-media personality whose views were not only tolerated but actually sought. It was a long way from the streets of the Melbourne suburb of Coburg where he had to side with the neighborhood toughs to avoid beatings. He was a strange, puny kid who was angry from the start.

Anderson's musical career spans two decades and the widest imaginable range of influences. He has been a long-haired, folk-singing beatnik and a heavy metal headbanger who was as happy to fight with his audience as play for them. But the most interesting thing about him is that he has always been more than he seemed, refusing to be typecast and angrily thumbing his nose at those who would try it.

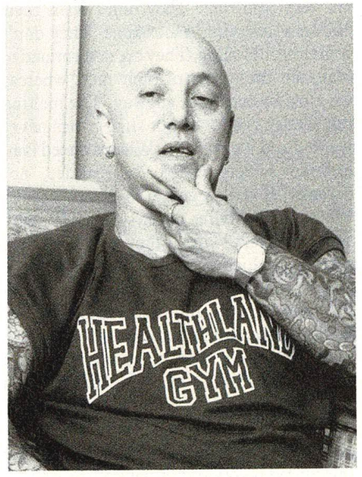
We sent senior contributing editor ***Phil Jarratt*** *to interview Anderson a short while after the singer's marriage to long-time girlfriend Lindy Michael, the mother of his three-year-old daughter, Roxanne. Jarratt reports: "Angry really needed several Playboy Interviews to speak his piece. There is no subject on which he will not offer a mouthful, and the work of the interviewer was essentially to keep him to one subject at a time. Although he looks like a midget wrestler, Angry is in fact a sensitive performer, a deep thinker and a philosopher. One could disagree with some of what he said, but the force and intelligence with which he presented his argument could never be faulted.*

"Above all else, what came through in the taping sessions was his genuine love for people and life, and his almost frightening ambition to make this a better world. The interview began with Angry fired up

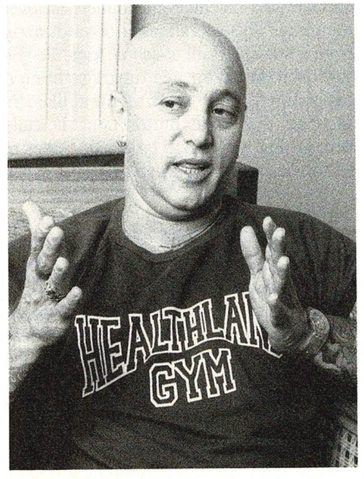
GARTH BOYD



"It was great being in the States and being able to buy Soldier Of Fortune and magazines like that. It's not a morbid fascination with killing machines; I'm just fascinated by the entire subject."



"I thank Christ there is a Winnie Mandela. Someone who'll be pulled out of a car and who'll say, 'Get your hands off me! I'm a human being.' She knows her rights and she's not gonna let anyone take them away."



"I've seen little girls get into trouble, get sent to homes where some lesbian gets hold of them and covers them with boob tatts. They come out and they've got these bloody awful things for the rest of their lives."

about a front-page article concerning terrorist groups in Australia and gun smuggling.''

PLAYBOY: This article in the paper today about gun controls seems to have got you going.

ANDERSON: Well, I'm going to apply for a pistol licence this year. It's something I've been meaning to do for years. I like the idea of going up on the range shooting. And collecting weaponry is something I want to get into too, when I can afford it. Weapons have always fascinated me. I know quite a bit about them and about soldiering. It was great being in the States and being able to buy *Soldier Of Fortune* and magazines like that. It's not a morbid fascination with killing machines; I'm just fascinated by the entire subject.

But to get back to this article in the paper, it's long been known that terrorists come to Australia. I remember talking to some guys who came to see us play at Chequers nightclub years ago. They'd been marines in Vietnam and now they were working as mercenaries for the South Vietnamese. They told me way back then that a lot of terrorists spent time in Australia because it was so easy to come and go.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean terrorist training camps here?

ANDERSON: Well, that's happened with the Croatians. And that brings me to another point. I've got into a lot of hot water in the media over what I've said about the mixing of the races. When you accept different races into your country you have to accept the implications as well. You have to accept that they bring their own way of living, their own feuds and vendettas with them. Like the Armenians and the Turks. My father-in-law lives down the road from the Turkish Embassy and a bloke jumped out of a car and sprayed machine-gun bullets all over the place. This was a matter of yards away from a bus-shed full of school kids! People say it couldn't happen in Australia, but it *is* happening! I don't want to sound like I'm pressing the panic button, but I really believe that we have to take major steps to ensure that terrorism doesn't get established here.

I talked to a bunch of kids from out Cabramatta way [*Sydney's western suburbs*] recently and they told me about their reaction to the arrival of the Vietnamese. Like these are tough street kids and they'd more or less divided the area up between the Greeks, the Lebs, the Italians and the Australians, and when the Vietnamese came they were prepared to accept them in much the same way. But the Vietnamese had a completely different attitude, even at gang warfare level. These kids really got shaken up because they always settled everything with fist fights. The Vietnamese arrived with knives, hatchets, baseball bats, whatever. These are kids 12 to 15 years old. Total culture shock, because where they come from this is acceptable behavior.

PLAYBOY: Let's get this straight. You obviously believe that our immigration policy is creating social problems. Are you of the Blainey view that multi-racialism is changing the very nature of our society?

ANDERSON: Very much so. I want to do an intensive interview with Blainey on the *Midday Show* so we can explore all this. Blainey was crucified by the press and unjustly so. See, people get so emotional about this subject. Whenever Blainey was interviewed he was in control, it was the arseholes interviewing him who were hysterical. The do-gooders and the bloody Christians got us into this mess for a start.

When you plan a multi-racial society you have to look at the lessons of history. Not to do so is man's greatest folly. In Australia's case the Second World War should have taught us that we are an Eastern country. We might be Western in culture and inheritance but geographically we are of the East. We have to learn to live with our neighbors. But we'd been taught for 100 years that the Chinese were barbarians and that the Japanese were brutal monsters, and no one bothered to re-educate us. The other side of the coin is that most Asians don't *want* to be assimilated or absorbed. They are very into *race*. They don't want their children marrying Australians. They don't want interblooding. They are determined to maintain the purity of their race, whereas we are a bastard race anyway. The melting pot theory is a lot of hot shit. It has never worked and it never will. What we need is an ordered society based on realities, not dreams. If we're going to have 300,000 Vietnamese living here — and why shouldn't we? — and if they all want to live together, which they do, then okay, let's have a grand plan to do that. But let's not do it at the expense of Australians who are displaced from their homes.

Most Australians would tell you we haven't got a race problem. They won't recognise it until the melting pot overflows and we all get burnt.

PLAYBOY: Your view of immigration is a very reasoned one, but with the way you look and the kind of music Rose Tattoo plays, we can't help wondering if you're not inadvertently providing ammunition for the misguided bigots and ratbags of the right.

ANDERSON: Yeah, it concerns me greatly and that's why I haven't taken a public stance on immigration up to now. I've been approached by people from Australians Against The Asian Invasion and by self-confessed nazis. I told them to forget it. In Germany we were approached by the Fourth Reich. They used to come to gigs and throw swastikas on the stage. One of our most famous off-the-stage-into-the-audience fights occurred because of them. One of their blokes with head shaved, tattoos and all that, kept throwing all his nazi stuff up on stage, armbands and things, and in the end, with half a bottle of vodka in me, I got sick of it and spat on the fucking things. Well, it was on. I kicked the crap off the stage and he started to come up after me with his mates. So me and the boys and all the crew got into them. We gave the bastards a hidin' and the rest of the audience brought the house down. See, most Germans don't like to be reminded about the W-A-R.

But in other places I found I could lend support to some of those groups. Like in England, I had a fair bit of sympathy for the Oy-Oy kids, because they weren't so much racist as pro-workers. They didn't like seeing people lose their jobs to Pakis or Arabs. They were pro-England and I could sit with that quite comfortably.

PLAYBOY: You'd probably find yourself sitting next to Eric Clapton.

ANDERSON: There are a lot of people in the rock industry over there who are privately anti-Arab, anti-Paki, even anti-Common Market. What I've discovered through travelling is that Australians are nowhere near as patriotic as other people. We're into being an Aussie if it means wearing thongs and stubbies and loving sport, but not many of us come to grips with the implications of being a proud Australian. I love this country. I don't just mean I love living here. I love everything this country stands for, so much so that I'm going back now and rereading Australian history so that I can understand it better.

I think more Australians should read and learn more about their country and care about what's happening to it. We get back to the race problem. Most Australians would tell you we haven't got a race problem. They won't recognise it until the melting pot overflows and we all get burnt. Then it will be too late to do anything about it. We're preparing a meal that's indigestible, and it's going to blow up in our faces.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in the equality of man?

ANDERSON: Spiritually, yes.

PLAYBOY: In practice?

ANDERSON: No. We're all born equal but from day one it's different. We're all born in different places and our parents' values are different. We might be equal as human beings but as functioning people we are not.

PLAYBOY: Do you side with any particular political party?

ANDERSON: No, I don't know enough about it. I'm trying to learn about party politics. I've picked up a lot about politics since I joined the *Midday Show*, particularly about political suppression. Ray Martin has told me things that have made my hair stand on end. [*Laughing*] And I've come up against it myself. I've done interviews with kids up the Cross where they tell horrendous tales about landlords and so on, and none of it can go to air because we'd end up with libel writs and our houses getting bombed. That is the problem with journalism. No wonder you blokes drink. You go out there to bring honor and credit to your profession by telling the truth, and you're not allowed to tell it!

PLAYBOY: Perhaps, but doesn't the landlord deserve some sort of protection in case his tenants are telling you lies?

ANDERSON: Possibly, but don't give me that shit about the laws being for the protection of the people. The laws were made by the army in this country in the first place, and ever since any new law has been made by and for the elitist minority. The rich make the laws and they don't make them to help the poor, so don't give me this crap about landlords.

PLAYBOY: Do you rent a place?

ANDERSON: No way.

PLAYBOY: So if you decided to travel for a while you might become a landlord yourself?

ANDERSON: Possibly, but I'd operate under a better system. I'd charge what was fair and I'd make sure the place was clean and not falling apart. No tenant of mine would have to go through what I've been through. We had to put our baby in a room full of damp that the landlord wouldn't come and fix. In the end I rang him and said, "You come and fix it or I'll burn your car." He fixed the room.

PLAYBOY: One of the questions we were going to ask was why you're known as Angry.

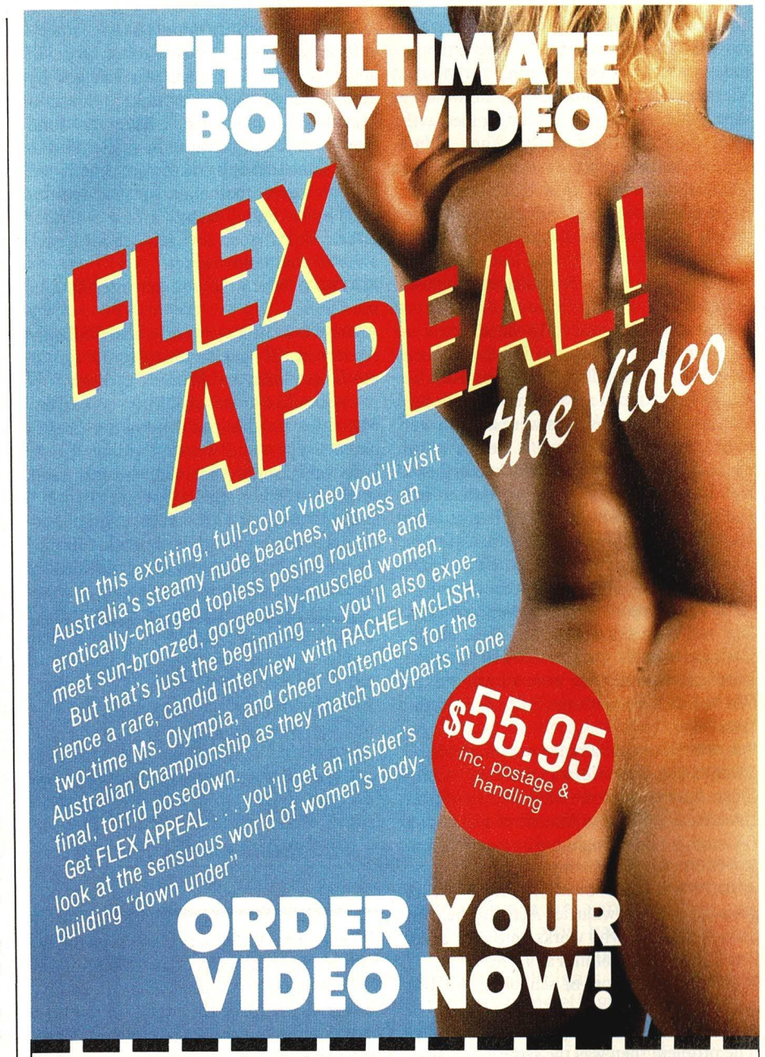
ANDERSON: Good one. [*Laughing*] It's only in the last couple of years that I've had any sort of legitimacy to comment about things and I'm making the best of it. I see a lot of things going on in this country that I'm not happy with. I don't want hospitals to keep closing, I don't want the government to advertise in England for nurses to come and take the jobs off our nurses because I don't think they get a fair deal. We've got an expanding population and yet schools and hospitals are closing down.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything happening in the world right now that makes you feel happy?

ANDERSON: Humanity. That's what it's all about. Even though it breaks my heart every night when I see the TV news, I thank Christ that there is a Winnie Mandela. Someone who'll be pulled out of a car and who'll say, "Get your hands off me! I'm a human being." She knows her rights and she's not gonna let anyone take them away.

PLAYBOY: Isn't a Vietnamese kid in Cabramatta wielding a baseball bat trying to protect those same rights?

ANDERSON: Sure. I'm not offended by the fact that he's trying to protect his rights as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an individual. What offends me is that the Australian authorities didn't explain to him the way it runs in Australia. From the Vietnamese I've spoken to, I know they were led to believe they'd be welcomed with open arms in this country. They didn't believe the hostility they encountered. No one had told them that eight out of 10 Australians have a basic mistrust of oriental people that has been drummed into them over a century.

PLAYBOY: Did you grow up among migrants in Coburg?

ANDERSON: Oh, yes. My mother is a migrant. She's Mauritian. But I was born here and I'm totally Australian. Kids at school used to call me "chink" and things like that because my eyes were a bit slower than they are now and I looked a bit oriental. It'd never occurred to me that I was anything other than Australian but suddenly we were lumped together with the Italians and the Greeks. My father's father was typical in his attitude to the Italians. He'd fought against them in the war and as far as he was concerned they were cowards, lazy and born criminals; they filled all the Catholic schools and overflowed into the state schools and they were all around us. We had to work out our differences in the streets.

PLAYBOY: So your father was an Australian?

ANDERSON: Yes. He was a jockey, Colin Dean Anderson. Rode a few winners in his time. He was riding in Mauritius and he met my mother and brought her home with him.

PLAYBOY: Are you an only child?

ANDERSON: One brother, nine years younger. He's a wharfie. Actually he's an auto-electrician who works on the wharves but I like to think of him as a wharfie.

PLAYBOY: What sort of schooling did you have?

ANDERSON: None to speak of. [*Laughing*] The problem then was the same as it is now — complete lack of interest by the government.

PLAYBOY: Let's just stick with your childhood for a moment. [*Angry cracks up laughing*] Why do you find that amusing?

ANDERSON: Because it was a pretty amusing childhood. Most tragedy is in retrospect. It's only while it's happening that it hurts.

PLAYBOY: Were you a good student?

ANDERSON: I had a lot of fun, I suppose, but I also had a lot of trauma because I was small and I wasn't aggressive. I had to become aggressive in order to survive. I started lifting weights when I was quite young to build up my shoulders and make myself look bigger. Bob Jones [*karate instructor*] has been a good friend of mine for years and we joke about the fact that we probably first met when he was kicking my arse somewhere. But that's probably right. I was forever getting my arse kicked. Now I work out five or six times a week. I do aerobics and lift weights. Helps fight off the bodily abuse.

I had a fairly solid sporting background. We were Lancashire miners on my father's side and they were all mad about sport. At school the football team was coached by John Kennedy, who was captain-coach of Hawthorn at one stage. I have very fond memories of him because he really tried to instil some sort of pride in you, even if you weren't a great footballer. I played a pretty good rover and I wasn't a bad swimmer either. But as soon as I left school I gave away all competitive sport.

PLAYBOY: When did you get interested in music?

ANDERSON: At a very early age. The only Anderson I'll have anything to do with is my Uncle Ivan, and he lived with us. See, when the old man brought Mum home from Mauritius he dumped her at my grandparents' place and went off riding. Uncle Ivan was the only Anderson who drank and smoked. He was this bloke who wore a leather jacket, rode a motor bike and played drums in a swing band. He had a lot of time for me and he was a very strong influence. He introduced me to music. I used to go to

I had to become aggressive in order to survive. I started lifting weights when I was quite young to build up my shoulders and make me look bigger.

gigs with him. We're very close, even today. Another thing Ivan and I have in common is we both hate a drink. [*Laughing*] It's funny, he was at my place the other day and we were reminiscing about the old days. I had something on the stereo and he remarked that it was good to hear me playing his kind of music. But this is what I play all the time! Swing was my earliest musical influence. I'd rather listen to Billie Holiday or Piaf or Nat King Cole or Frank Sinatra or Miller or Dorsey than just about anything. Old swing and torch songs. Love 'em.

PLAYBOY: How did you start playing?

ANDERSON: In a protest group. Two acoustic guitars and me singing. I started playing with my best mate, Ron Ferguson. We met at tech and we started singing folk songs in coffee lounges. We were kids in berets and desert boots, smoking pipes of course. I had hair down to my waist. I took up guitar too but I wasn't much good. We played a lot of Dylan and I really developed a love for that music. Years later when I was trying to become a legitimate painter, I used to lock myself in a room and paint while I listened to *Blonde On Blonde*. But when I look back on those coffee lounge days, it was a very sombre period really. I wore a lot of black and purple and I'd read Kerouac. In fact I read a lot because I got involved with uni students and older people who were all well read. My day job was as an apprentice fitter and turner. That was my old man's idea. I stuck at it for two years but I developed this intense fear of machinery. I don't know whether I'd always had it but it took me years to overcome. That's why I've only just got a driving licence. Anyway, after the second year I took my holidays at Christmas and three weeks went by and Mum said, "Aren't you supposed to be back at work?" I said, "I'm not going back, Mum."

So I bummed around for a while. I was in and out of work a lot and eventually did about four years cutting for a tailor in Brunswick. During that period I realised that all I really wanted to do was be a professional musician. So I quit work and that was about the time that the band Buster Brown was formed. My two musical heroes at that time were Billy Thorpe and Lobby Lloyde, so Buster Brown played their kind of rock. Actually, I went from a panting fan to a close friend of both of them, and I still regard them both as friends. That happened with a lot of musicians I used to idolise back then — guys like Kevin Borich and Ronnie Peel in the La De Das, Broderick Smith, John Farnham. . .

PLAYBOY: How did you make the quantum leap from acoustic folk into electric rock?

ANDERSON: At the time there was a band in every garage. Rock had just taken off with the Beatles and everyone was trying to play. We got together a band called Primitive with Vern Wells who was a great mate of mine. He later became an actor; he played Crazy Wes in *Mad Max II*. Anyway, he was the other singer and he tried to play keyboards too. The band was very much an electric extension of what Ron Ferguson and I had been doing in the folk clubs. We played the Stones and the Animals and we played all of Dylan's electric music. But we also just took his acoustic music and played it electrically. We knew a lot of Odetta and John Lee Hooker and all that folk blues too, so we'd play that electrically as well. The band developed quite a following because no one else in Melbourne was doing that. We were huge in the suburbs. We could pull 200 in a church hall.

But line-ups change and names change. I remember Vern and me sitting down to come up with a new name and we came up with Blood, Sweat And Tears. We thought it was great but a little too abrasive, so we passed on it. At one stage we evolved into a band that no one has ever let me forget — Peace, Power And Purity. We were heavily into the anti-nuclear thing. I'd read *War And Peace* and I really believed that peace could be as powerful a force as aggression. We all had hair down to our arses and wore fringed jackets. We did a 10-minute version of *Four Dead In Ohio*. I think we played the first Sunbury festival as Peace, Power And Purity and the second as Buster Brown.

PLAYBOY: You must have undergone an incredible metamorphosis of persona.

ANDERSON: Well, it was always there. I was a hippie but there were aspects of that lifestyle that I never came to terms with. You don't influence society by dropping out and living in the hills, although it was necessary for a lot of people to do that for the salvation of their own souls. But there are a lot of people who like a fight, and I'm one of them. My contribution to the hippie movement was to stay in the city and fight. If I'd gone to Nimbin I would have tried to knock it down from the inside. The hippie thing brought about a lot of self awareness, through the reading and the drugs.

PLAYBOY: Tolstoy and acid?

ANDERSON: Well, they seemed compatible in those days. I read a lot about Eastern philosophy, reincarnation. And that's when I started to form a view about Christianity. Now I've read the Bible cover to cover a number of times and I still pull it out and read 100 pages or so. From my reading of it, I reckon that if Jesus came back today he'd have to do the same thing. He'd go straight to the Vatican, because that's where the moneylenders are, and he'd throw the lot of them out of the temple. The Pope and all. They're all criminals, through ignorance if not intent.

PLAYBOY: You seem to spend most of your time reading.

ANDERSON: Yeah, I read a lot. I generally have three books on the go at once. At the moment I'm reading a little book by Winnie Mandela, *In God's Name*, and a bit of fiction called *Blackheart*. Oh, and I got a huge volume on Ned Kelly last Christmas, so I've dipped into that.

PLAYBOY: We were talking about your change of image. When did the hair go and the tattoos arrive?

ANDERSON: Oh, I've had tatts since I was 15. Not all these but I had four done between 15 and 19, all on my upper arms.

PLAYBOY: Four is tough but what you have now is a real statement, isn't it?

ANDERSON: This is an art form. This has gone past being tattooed to look like a thug. This is why you should have tattoos. Tony Cohen, the guy who tattoos me, has gone to a lot of trouble and pain over the years to get this far. He's worked out how to cover up the old ones and he's developed the whole thing into a work of art. They're all very spiritual. There's a lot of magic portrayed.

PLAYBOY: Give us a guided tour.

ANDERSON: [*Angry traces a pattern up his colorful arms and on to his chest.*] This is Leo, I'm a Leo. Earth, wind, fire and water. The snake a lot of people take to be masculine, but in fact it's a sign of divinity in both Aboriginal and Aztec folklore. It's the eternal cycle. One of the strongest symbols in Aboriginal lore is the snake with its tail in its mouth, meaning perpetual. It's only the bloody Christian religion that depicts the serpent as evil. The spider here is the 13th sign of the zodiac which was deleted by the Christians and it, coincidentally, represents spiritualism. That's one arm. Over here we have two different kinds of dragon, one passive and one active. The carp, which is a very strong Japanese symbol. The little dragon is the female, the big dragon symbolises the fact that there will always be trouble and strife in life and that the secret is to be part of it so that it doesn't destroy you, and to strive to control it. The little one is holding a pearl, another strong symbol. Then there's numerology, a little samurai warrior with a sword across his back and a quill in his hand, demonstrating that the warrior doesn't have to be a mindless brute.

That was the point I made to George Miller when we were making *Beyond Thunderdome*. I wanted to give Ironbar Bassey a heart and soul, to make him more than a brutal animal. Anyway, this vacant area here is the tree. We started it about three years ago and we haven't gotten around to finishing it. This is the god of earth and the tree growing out of it symbolises life.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever wish you didn't have them?

ANDERSON: Someone once suggested that I'd get more movie parts if I didn't have them. That's the only thing. If kids ask me about them, of course, I say don't get them. They want them for all the wrong reasons and I don't want kids to make the same mistakes I did. You see not everyone ends up like me, in the very enviable position of

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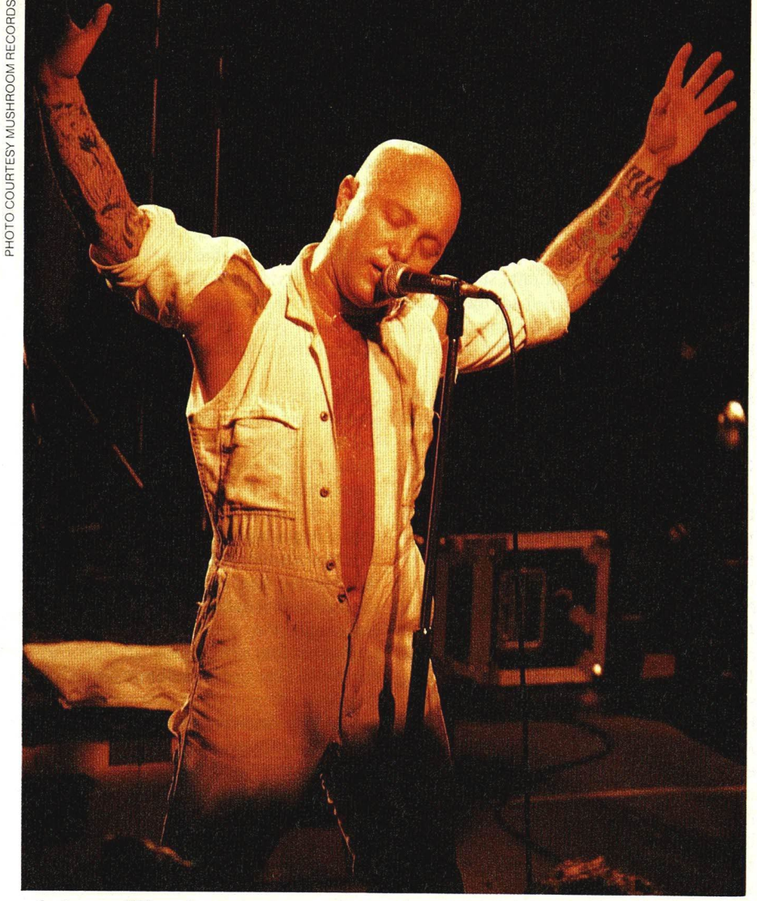

PHOTO COURTESY MUSHROOM RECORDS

Anderson: "There has never been a band like Rose Tattoo in the history of the planet."

being accepted with them.

PLAYBOY: Don't you feel you're on fragile ground standing there covered in tattoos and telling kids they shouldn't have them?

ANDERSON: I take pains to explain why they shouldn't. Before I achieved some degree of acceptability as a public figure I couldn't walk into a restaurant and get a table, not even with nice tattoos like this. I've seen little girls get into trouble, get sent to homes where some lesbian gets a hold of them and covers them with boob tatts. They come out and they've got these bloody awful things for the rest of their lives. I get young kids of 13 or 14 coming up to me and telling me they want to get tattoos and I say, "Hey, think about it. Think about where you're gonna go to in life. If you're gonna join the navy, go ahead and get 'em. Who gives a fuck? But if you have aspirations to being, say, a dentist, working in people's mouths with your sleeves rolled up, don't."

Some people just haven't got the strength of character to have tattoos. I've never been embarrassed by mine. I can look people straight in the eyes when I meet them and if they flinch then that's their problem, not mine.

PLAYBOY: We didn't get around to the hair. When did that all go?

ANDERSON: During the Buster Brown period I was starting to recede and it just seemed the right time so I shaved the lot off.

PLAYBOY: So it wasn't a calculated attempt at looking mean when Rose Tattoo was formed?

ANDERSON: It was played up a bit that way because the band was formed soon after, but no, it was just me. When the band started, however, we set out to be totally "unpigeonhole-able", if I can use that word. There has never been a band like Rose Tattoo in the history of the planet. We've spent five years trying to put it to rest but people keep whipping the beast to its feet again.

PLAYBOY: What was the philosophy of the band? Anarchy?

ANDERSON: Not really. People have forgotten that Rose Tattoo was formed, rehearsed and performing before punk hit this country. Just before, so we were unlike Radio Birdman who picked up on Detroit punk, Iggy And The Stooges sort of stuff. Rose Tattoo was just five brawny, tattooed Aussie knockabout blokes who loved beer and the beach, birds and playing rock'n'roll. Where we came from everyone looked like us.

PLAYBOY: Working-class heroes?

ANDERSON: Oh yeah, and that hasn't changed. But it's really sad that people haven't been able to grow with the band and accept the other things that have changed. There are still people in radio stations who want us to do another *Bad Boy For Love* Unfortunately that's 10 years ago.

PLAYBOY: Rose Tattoo's early promotional material painted a picture of five young men you wouldn't let your daughter go near. Were you as bad as all that?

ANDERSON: In those days, yeah. That was the reality. We were out of control.

PLAYBOY: How out of control?

ANDERSON: [*Laughing*] There was a bit of drug-smoking.

PLAYBOY: Oh, come on.

ANDERSON: [*Laughing*] Oh there was more, and we let the image build up, but a lot of people forget that I wasn't the leader in those days. I was just the singer in the band. Peter Wells was the one who said we were all having orange hair this month, although I was exempt, of course. He was the one who told the press we were into black magic. He was obsessed with creating an image for us.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that living up to that bad boy image brought about the downfall of the original Tatts. Do you agree?

ANDERSON: Sure. The booze and the dope and the hard life took its toll. We spent most of the first three years oblivious. We didn't know whether we were coming or going. We were boozers. We all drank heavily. In fact there's never been a non-drinker in the band. As the years went by there were other drugs involved. It's too tragic and too messy to go into. You can't speak with any authority about these things unless you've done them. I gave heroin a fair chance and found it wanting. My metabolism just doesn't work that way. Actually I gave up drinking for a year when I got hepatitis a long time ago, and I was amazed at how good food tasted. My memory came back, I started reading a lot more and taking notice of what was going on around me. I still drink but nowhere near as much as I used to and not for the same reasons.

I've never been the type of person who needs drugs to perform on stage. I might have a slug of Jack Daniels to calm the butterflies before I walk on, but there are a lot of performers in this country who can't walk on stage without a noseful of coke or speed. It was a great relief to me to find out I could perform sober.

PLAYBOY: A decade is a long time in rock music. What do you put the band's surival down to?

ANDERSON: Pigheadedness. [*Laughing*] Tenacity is a great quality to have, that belief that if you put your head down and your arse up you'll get the job done. I've always been goal-oriented and keeping the band together was my goal for a long time. Now my goal is to get rich, buy property, look after the family, then go to sea. I want to buy an 80-foot clinker with three masts and just take off. I want to be a pirate in my retirement, with a cabin full of good books and a hold full of Jack Daniels.

PLAYBOY: The fact that Rose Tattoo is still with us seems all the more amazing because

(continued on page 102)

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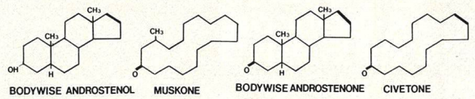

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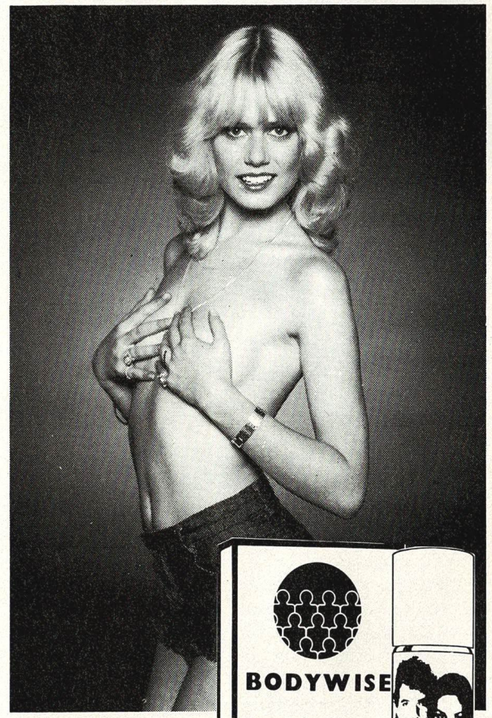

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TAKEN FOR A RIDE

Ever done your dough when that 100-1 nag romped home? Tony Love uncovers ring-ins and other racing rorts.

YOU WOULD HAVE called it the luck of the Irish. The 1983 St Patrick's Day race meeting at Broken Hill, final race of the day and sensationally backed Foden, sporting lucky

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

number 13, sprints to the line an easy winner in the Orlando Improvers Handicap.

Early on in the afternoon you wouldn't have touched the nag showing at 50-1 in the bookmaker's ring, but just before racetime it shortens through 33s, then 25s, 12s, 8s, down to 2-1 and equal favorite. You join the plunge and stick a couple of tenners on Foden, but all you can get is 6-4s. What the hell, someone knows something you don't. Then the bastard romps home. By as far as you can kick your grandmother's party hat, says the punter next to you in the Broken Hill crowd that's going crazy.

But as the horse returns to the winner's enclosure there's a voice down on the rails straining to be heard above the din.

"Ring-in. Ring-in."

The crowd lining the fence falls deathly silent. The reporters surrounding Foden's minder, Greg Dunn, shout for the horse's owner, but Dunn fends them off with a false name and some paper-thin excuses. Then the stewards and police take both him and Foden away.

It all happens like a too perfectly written crime story, but in fact it's the closing episode in a catalogue of horrors for former jockey Dunn and his co-conspirator Stephen Woods, who have seen their dream of a perfect horse-substitution just unscramble itself into a comic Irish nightmare.

It had started a little more than a year before at another country racetrack, Towac Park, in Orange, NSW. Another race, another ring-in. A mate of theirs, trainer Kelvin Veale, had driven a horse called Tillant from the Victorian town of Benalla to race in Orange on January 1, 1982, a hot, oven-dry summer's day. It was the first time the horse had raced in the district, so Tillant was inspected by stewards and verified in accordance with its registration papers. It saddled up for race three, the Standard Hotel Improvers Handicap, and, in blinkers for the first time, missed the start by a mile, only just catching up to the rest of the field by the finish. A steward was later to describe it as a "gangly goer type of horse, and one that threw its legs about as it galloped".

About a week later, Dunn and Woods arrived in Orange, this time with another horse, Rack's Image, but racing under Tillant's name. Both horses were the same age and pretty much identical, and as it was the usual practice not to inspect a horse if it had been previously entered in an Orange race, they got through the gates without a problem. In the jockeys' room before the race, Dunn, who was to do the riding, spoke to the other hoops.

"I asked some of the other guys whether you could win from the outside barrier, which we'd drawn," Dunn said later. "They reckoned it would have to be a good horse to do it, so I slumped on the bench and cried 'Oh, no.'"

Meanwhile Woods and Veale were out in the betting ring creating a bit of interest in Tillant, which had started in the January 1 race at odds of 40-1, then opened with some bookies on January 9 at 25s, and others at 20s. The lads were offering bets of $200 on Tillant, but some of the bookies were only accepting $50 lots. Others were surprised at the amount of activity on such an outsider, but figured it was just an old-fashioned betting plunge, especially after the odds began shortening.

One Orange bookmaker claimed later he'd taken no bets on Tillant on January 1, but held $477 in bets for the horse on January 9. Another held $759 and stood to lose $2000 if Tillant came in, while Dubbo-based bookie Gordon Redfern held $114 on the horse with a possible pay-out of around $1300.

As Dunn was helped up on to his ride in the McWilliams Centenary Port Improvers Handicap, he got the whisper that they stood to make $30,000. The horse jumped out well at the start and crossed from the outside to lead the field as it settled down. The same steward who had described Tillant as a bit of a no-hoper a week before called this racer a short-striding horse that carried its head high and laid its ears back as it passed the winning post ahead of the other runners.

The lads in the betting ring collected their money without too many complaints and Woods took off back to the motel where they were staying, while Dunn and Veale answered the stewards' enquiries about the horse's form. They claimed the heat of the previous week and an inexperienced jockey had hindered its chances but that day, Dunn, a rider who'd worked in Sydney, Melbourne and Perth, had made all the difference. Also, the horse had arrived a couple of days before to acclimatise. The stewards seemed satisfied and the boys walked out with smiles on their faces, but found they had no way of getting back to their motel. When a woman passed them a minute later, Dunn quickly shoved $50 into her hand and she drove them the mile down the road to where Woods was waiting with the rest of the money.

It all seemed so easy: each of the three in the syndicate had left Orange $8500 richer. Dunn and Woods started talking long-range plans that involved pulling the same trick in Adelaide, but for big bucks.

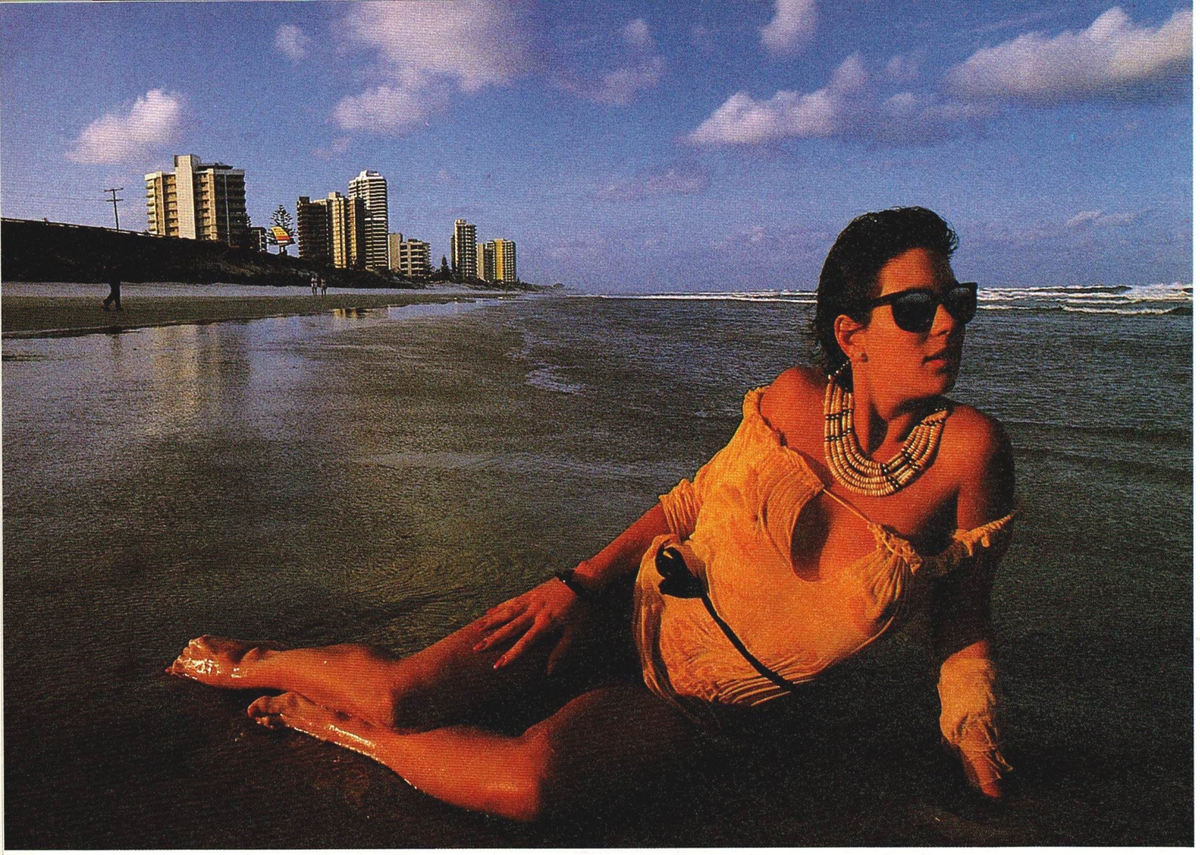
Less than a year had gone by when Dunn and Woods decided to try the ring-in business again. This time, though, they upped the ante and went for the biggest race day of the year in Broken Hill. They used a Victorian buyer's money to purchase a handsome six-year-old chestnut without markings called Nordica for $6000 at a mixed bloodstock sale. It was an open class sprinter and a more than useful horse, with nine wins, eight seconds and six thirds for a total prizemoney of $41,520 from 32 starts. They promised their man they'd race Nordica in Sydney and then in Queensland,

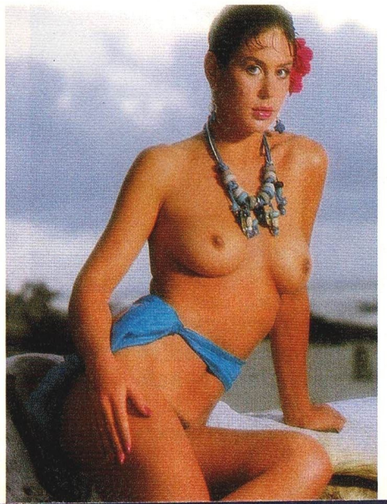
(continued on page 114)

ENDLESS SUMMER

Happy-go-lucky Carol Atkins has found paradise on a Queensland beach.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANNY NOLAN





Lovely Carol Atkins claims her motto for life is that she'll try almost anything. And she hasn't wasted any time putting this philosophy into practice. Since graduating from university with a degree in science, Carol has worked as a lab technician, a photographic model, a film extra on location in Jamaica and a jillaroo in outback Queensland. "I worked on *Club Paradise* with Peter O'Toole and Robin Williams," she explains. "I really loved the Caribbean and it certainly was a far cry from places like Taroom and Roma in Queensland! My stint as a jillaroo was terrific. I love horse-riding so I sure got a lot of practice."

When it comes to pet hates, Carol turns her nose up at snobs, women's libbers and vulgar, vain men. "I'm a very happy-go-lucky person," she says, "and I like people who share my relaxed attitude. I'm also pretty feminine and I believe that a woman should be a woman. I'm really against these females who strive to be just like men. I don't know what they are trying to prove." As for an ideal man, Carol lists qualities such as sensitivity, a good sense of humor, warmth and tenderness, and a down-to-earth approach to life. "There's nothing worse than a man who preens himself all the time or who only judges people by the way they look," she says.

Carol hopes to pursue a career in the arts, perhaps opening her own design business. Meanwhile, she's happy to explore a host of Queensland beaches catching the last golden rays of summer. "This is paradise, you know," she laughs. "Although I'm a good skier and I like winter, there's something about summer that's very physical, a real turn-on. Summer afternoons are my favorite time of year. It's great just to relax with a special man, to go to a park or the beach and have a picnic, to discover new things together and totally shut out the world and other people. My happiest moments have been spent in just that way."

STALLONE vs SPRINGSTEEN

How two working class heroes are splitting the world between revenge and compassion.

Article by **JACK NEWFIELD**

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AND Sylvester Stallone are the two great working-class heroes of Western mass culture. Springsteen had the best-selling album of the past 12 months and Stallone had the most commercially successful movie. On the surface they share stunning similarities of biceps, bandannas, American flags, Vietnam themes, praise from President Reagan and uplifting feelings of national pride. Bumper stickers in the States proclaim: BRUCE — THE RAMBO OF ROCK. But beneath the surface, and between the lines, these two American heroes are

ILLUSTRATION BY GREGORY HEISLER

sending opposite messages. They are subtly pulling the 18 to 35-year-old generation toward two competing visions of the American future. And it says a lot for the power of their messages that both stars can pull the crowds they do, not only in their home country but in Australia and virtually every other country outside the communist bloc.

Stallone's Rocky and Rambo films — especially the latter — are about violence and revenge in a context of fantasy. Rambo never pays a price in body bags, or pain, or blood, or doubt, or remorse or fear. The enemy is stereotyped and therefore dehumanised. The emotions Stallone liberates are hostility and aggression: audiences come out of the theatre wanting to kick the arse off some commies.

By contrast, the essential human feeling Springsteen liberates is empathy — compassion for the common man trapped in the dead-end world of the hourly wage. The realistic words of Springsteen's best songs are about the hurt of unemployed workers; about reconciliation with estranged parents through understanding *their* lives; about staying hopeful even though experience falls short of the Impossible Dream.

In *Rambo*, Stallone depicts the Vietnam veteran as a killing machine, a deranged, rampaging executioner. In *Born In The USA* Springsteen depicts the Vietnam veteran as neglected — wanting to reintegrate into society as a normal person but getting the brush-off from a bureaucrat at the Veterans' Administration. Recall the misunderstood and misheard words of the Springsteen anthem:

Got in a little hometown jam
so they put a rifle in my hand
sent me off to a foreign land to go
and kill the yellow man. . .
Came back home to the refinery
Hiring man says, "Son, if it was up to me"
Went down to see my VA man
He said, "Son, don't you understand now?"
I had a brother at Khe Sanh
fighting off the Vietcong
They're still there; he's all gone
He had a woman he loved in Saigon
I got a picture of him in her arms now

The difference between Stallone and Springsteen is perhaps best illuminated by reading an essay George Orwell wrote in 1945, before either Stallone or Springsteen was born. In the essay, *Notes On Nationalism*, Orwell makes a distinction between nationalism and patriotism and then suggests that they are, in fact, opposites:

"By nationalism, I mean first of all the habit of assuming that human beings can be classified like insects and that whole blocks of millions or tens of millions of people can confidently be labelled 'good' or 'bad'. But secondly — and this is much more important — I mean the habit of identifying oneself with a single nation or other unit, placing it beyond good and evil, and recognising no other duty than that of advancing its interests. Nationalism is not to be confused with patriotism, since two different and even opposing ideas are involved.

"By patriotism I mean a devotion to a particular place and a particular way of life, which one believes to be the best in the world, but has no wish to force upon other people. Patriotism is of its nature defensive, both militarily and culturally. Nationalism, on the other hand, is inseparable from the desire for power. . .

"It can plausibly be argued, for instance — it is even arguably true — that patriotism is an inoculation against nationalism."

Stallone as Rambo snarls, "Damn Russian bastards," and kills a few more.

Springsteen introduces *This Land Is Your Land*, the first encore at all his concerts, as "the greatest song ever written about the promise of America," and then reminds his fans, "Remember, *nobody wins unless everybody wins.*"

That's one difference between nationalism and patriotism.

Stallone manipulates the feelings of frustration over the lost Vietnam war and helps create a jingoistic climate of emotion in which a future war might be welcomed. Springsteen asks us to honor the neglected and rejected Vietnam veterans, so that we won't glide gleefully into the next war without remembering the real cost of the last one.

That's a second difference between nationalism and patriotism.

"It's a right-wing fantasy," said Stallone, talking to *Newsweek* about last year's big hit. "What Rambo is saying is that if they could fight again, it would be different." He added that he was looking for another "open wound" as a site for a sequel, possibly Iran or Afghanistan.

Ron Kovic is a paraplegic author and Vietnam veteran. As an honored guest at Springsteen's opening-night hometown concert last August at the Giants' Stadium in New Jersey, Kovic told reporters: "I've been sitting in this wheelchair for the past 18 years. And I can only thank Bruce Springsteen for all he has done for Vietnam veterans. *Born In The USA* is a beautiful song that helped me personally to heal."

The difference between looking for another "open wound" as a movie backdrop and creating music that is healing — that's a third distinction between nationalism and patriotism.

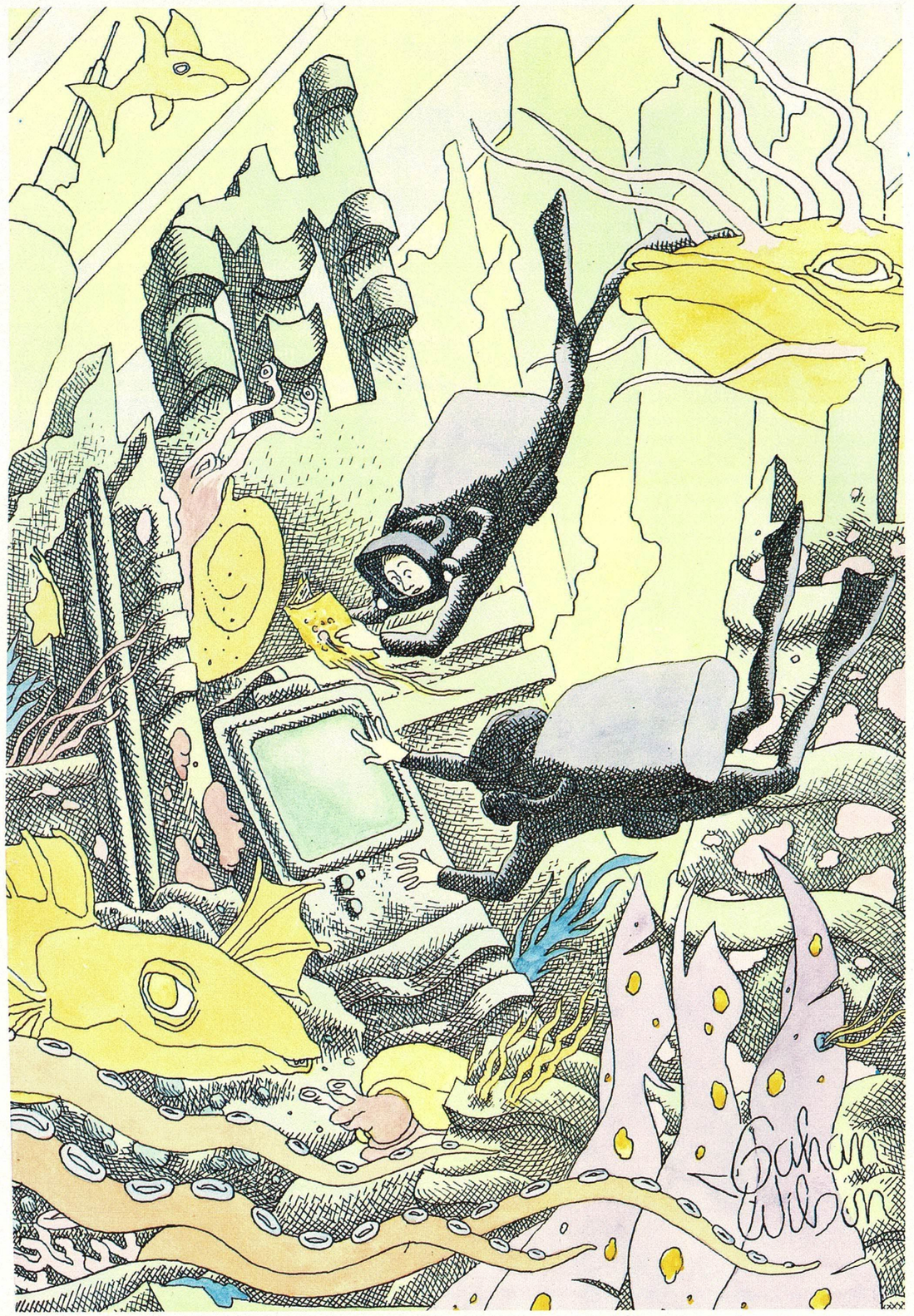
•

An American politician, Congressman Lane Evans of Illinois, is an ex-marine. "*Rambo*," he says, "is dangerous because it is dishonest about reality. It creates the myth of a super-human, invincible macho man as the quick-fix solution to all our international problems. Stallone is sending a message of simplicity. He is saying to people that the answer is always to send in a rescue mission of former Green Berets and commandos. That is certainly *not* the remedy to complex situations like Nicaragua or the Philippines."

But what Stallone did with Rambo was brilliant in an opportunistic way. To stir up a nationalistic fever, he played on all the painful emotions of a lost war. He replayed

(continued on page 108)

"Is this some kind of a put-on or what?"



"It appears the people of Atlantis not only had TV, but boring, stupid programming!"

MASTERMIND

Supercoach Roy Masters' special subject is training rugby league champions.

Article by **PHIL JARRATT**

THE BESPECTACLED MAN in the tweed jacket kept his hands in his pockets and tried to make himself inconspicuous. He wished he could sink into the turf of the Sydney Cricket Ground and block out the sounds of jubilation all around him.

Roy Masters felt a lot older than his four and a bit decades and the magnitude of his depression was such that it verged on physical sickness. If anyone tells me it's only a game, Masters said to himself, I'll throw up all over them.

There was no doubt that the minutes following the 1985 Sydney Rugby League Grand Final were the blackest in the extraordinary career of St George coach Masters, for not only had his team lost the premiership by a solitary field goal point, but in the season when his coaching peaked and reached sheer artistry, he had just missed out on rewriting the record books of the mightiest of Sydney's clubs.

Although St George had absolutely dominated the Sydney competition during the golden years of the 1960s, it had never taken out the premiership in all three grades. On September 29, 1985, under the helmsmanship of Roy Masters, the Saints' first grade team of minor premiers, clear favorites with the bookmakers and on paper the best club side in the country, failed to complete the last leg of the trifecta.

Masters, never known as a good loser, was well aware that his main chance might have been squandered. In eight seasons of Sydney first grade football the 1985 Coach Of The Year (so nominated by his peers) had won almost as many games as the legendary Jack Gibson. He had pulled two clubs out of the doldrums and back into the winners' circle. He had made two grand finals. But his boys had never taken out the big one. And now, perhaps, there would be no more chances.

The coach was approached by his counterpart — and longtime personal rival — Canterbury's Warren Ryan. Ryan offered his commiserations. Masters, a man rarely able to disguise his true feelings, forced out the words.

"You were too good, mate," he said. He walked slowly back to the St George dressing room to lick his wounds in the company of the wounded.

•

When Roy Masters first began to make an impact on Sydney football his major worry in life was that a roadside tree or telegraph pole would make an impact on him. At the time he was living in Penrith on Sydney's western rim, teaching at Blacktown and coaching twice a week at Lidcombe Oval, home of Western Suburbs.

Masters was a busy man, a teacher first, a football coach second. That was the way it was in Sydney league just a handful of years ago. Coaches coached for love, and sometimes glory. There was little money in it and not much methodology either. In 1978, the year that Masters took over Western Suburbs' first grade side, five of the coaches in the Sydney competition were full-time schoolteachers and only one other, Jack Gibson, could make any claim to being a professional coach.

It was Gibson, in fact, who had changed the meaning of coaching in the rugby league context. During the 1960s, when the St George club had reigned supreme for 11 consecutive seasons, coaching meant making the players run around the oval until they had worked up a sweat, then working up a sweat yourself during the salty pre-game pep talk. Gibson had emerged as the unlimited tackle game was replaced by the four (and then six) tackle limit. This change of possession had the immediate effect of destabilising the awesome St George line and Gibson developed playing strategies to maximise the benefit. By the mid-1970s he had taken his team, Eastern Suburbs, to the premiership and forever changed the role of the rugby league coach.

Roy Masters was one who recognised the science in Gibson's coaching and began to adapt it to his own needs. In the early 1970s

PHOTOS COURTESY RUGBY LEAGUE WEEK

he was teaching at Tamworth High in the north-west of NSW and his success with the football team led to his being appointed coach of the Australian Schoolboys team to tour England in 1972. They returned undefeated and soon after, when teaching took him back to the city, Masters was inundated with offers of coaching positions. He coached in the lower grades at Western Suburbs and after winning the premiership in 1977 he was offered the firsts.

Masters thought long and hard about the methods he would adopt at Wests, and in the end he concluded that inspiration was worth more than perspiration. He developed a rapport with the tough skipper, Tommy Raudonikis, and he contrived to make the team want to win for him, for themselves and for their class. That last element was summarised by Masters as "the fibro spirit", and although he would later dismiss it as "a naked marketing ploy to get working-class support", it was clearly much more than that to his team. Many of them were young players who had made little or no money out of the game until then and were eking out a living in Sydney's anonymous and somewhat dreary western sprawl. When Masters exhorted them to make the "silvertails" from such residentially desirable areas as Manly and the Eastern Suburbs spit blood and dust, the players took him literally.

Blood red was the color of the 1978 season, and although they went down to Manly in the rugged grand final, Wests had made minor premiers.

The following season, stung by allegations of blood lust in the Wests camp and talk of his issuing instructions to his team to "go after" certain players, Masters allowed a *Sixty Minutes* film crew to observe his coaching methods and pre-match preparations closely. The picture which emerged failed to substantiate the allegations of premeditated violence but it did confirm what many in rugby league had suspected — that Roy Masters was a wily, ruthless and perhaps brilliant motivator of men.

In 1982 Masters left Wests for St George, a side which had rallied briefly under the coaching of former playing great Harry Bath and then come unstuck again. Masters' appointment was clearly a plea for a new direction, but he knew from the outset that the fibro spirit wouldn't wash with the occupants of the triple-fronted bungalows of the newly affluent south. He tried a number of ploys but nothing worked and the team finished tenth on the table.

The following season began just as badly and by mid-winter Masters' head was on the chopping block. Then suddenly something clicked. His young side won seven games straight, made the semi-finals and were then beaten by two points in the last minute of a thrilling final against Canterbury.

Almost overnight Masters was held up as a model of coaching efficiency. He had done everything except win a grand final.

•

On a clear, cold night last July, I jogged on the spot at the sidelines of Jubilee Oval in Kogarah, trying to keep warm. The 30 or 40 football fans and interested parties who had gathered in the main stand seemed not to notice the biting cold. They talked quietly and watched proceedings in the middle of the ground where Roy Masters was putting the St George firsts through their paces.

Masters wore an olive track suit with a blue and white stripe around the middle, and a pair of well-worn track shoes. A thick-set man of average height, he followed the play up and down the field by walking briskly but never running. He walked with a stoop and he peered at the players over his spectacles. The coach's high, rasping voice cut through the night air.

"Who's this fuckin' Peter Brady you keep passing to? The Invisible Man? Think before you let the ball go."

Up and down the field, short passes, long passes. When a player fumbled the ball several times in the space of a few minutes, Masters called the fellow aside, signalling to captain Craig Young, a beefy and highly authoritarian policeman, to take over temporarily. Up under the northern goals, out of earshot, Masters delivered a tongue lashing, but when it was over he and the player jogged back to the group and Masters gave him a matey slap on the shoulders.

The training session concluded with sit-ups and stretches in front of the grandstand. Masters joined in on all but the most difficult of the exercises and it was obvious that he was a fit man under the beginnings of a middle-aged spread. Some of the fans crowded to the fence and commented quietly on the physical condition of the players, noting who was strapped up and who appeared to be laboring in his work. These were the true lovers of the game, not the Sunday afternoon thrill seekers. They understood the nuances and appreciated the science. To them Craig Young was not beefcake but tactical brawn. Not surprisingly, as Masters followed his players to the showers, they acknowledged the man who would take St George to the grand final with a series of grunts, grins and thumbs up which were meant to convey the message unmistakably: in you we trust, Roy.

But this was eight weeks away from the grand final, and although St George were at the top of the points table and were favored for the minor premiership, Masters' immediate concern was to break the hoodoo against Eastern Suburbs on Sunday. Saints had an atrocious record against Easts at Kogarah, and Arthur Beetson's line-up for this encounter was particularly strong.

This Thursday evening training session represented the midway point in what, for Roy Masters, was a never-ending cycle of preparation and worry. The training week had begun, as it always did, with the first beer after the previous week's game. Whereas in years gone by it had been common practice for opposing teams to socialise over drinks in the dressing room, in the high pressure '80s even these post-match thirst slakings were part of the business of winning. Players and coach were whisked back to headquarters, the "Taj Mahal" of Sydney's poker machine palaces, where for an hour they took mandatory drinks with the loyal supporters.

Later in the evening the team would watch the video replay of the match and Masters would slip into forward gear and consider his options for the coming week. Later still he would sleep fitfully, waking several times during the night and jotting down notes at a bedside table.

On Monday morning Masters got a full fitness report on all his injured players and went over the match report prepared by statistician Peter Hancock. This coldly analytical report showed in tabular form who did what to whom and how often. Cross-referenced against Masters' memory and the video replay, it provided a clear indication of the holes in the St George game. It would be up to Masters to determine how best to fill them. That evening he watched the video again in the more sober atmosphere of his study, checked over the squad the club selectors had chosen that afternoon and began to assess the kind of football he would be up against from Beetson's Easts. Most of this information Masters stored in his head, but he doodled clues as to why St George had been unable to beat Easts since 1979.

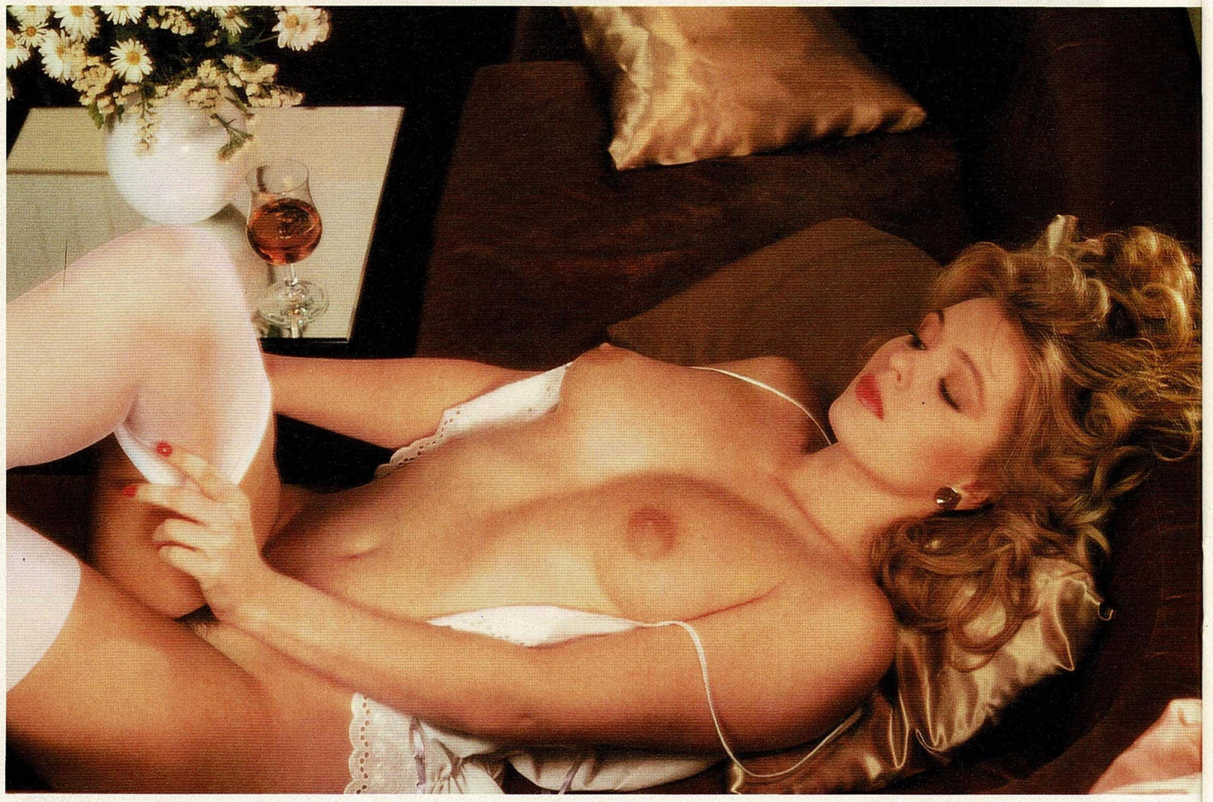
The Tuesday evening training session was designed to assess the match fitness of the players and to correct deficiencies which might have crept into individual or team moves. It was a rigorous session because Masters felt it vital to know if the side was carrying any passengers. His players were as keen as any in the Sydney competition and so fired up were they to win the premiership that there was always the chance that someone might overlook a muscle strain or a torn ligament. But the session was also a reinforcement of ball skills and teamwork. Masters had learned that to be a successful coach you had to keep hammering away on the good points as well as the bad. In fact he had learned a hell of a lot since he and Tom Raudonikis had mapped out the plays in a pub. Now he combined his own native intelligence and understanding of team psychology with methods and ideas he had picked up from a variety of sources. From his close friend David Parkin, coach of Carlton in the VFL, he had picked up a lot about endurance training. From time spent with American football clubs the Pittsburgh Steelers and the Buffalo Bills, he had developed his own theories on defensive drills, and from Eddie Thomson, coach of the Sydney Slickers in the National Soccer League, he had learned much about ball control and speed over the ground.

(continued on page 88)

LIVE IT UP

Pretty Linda Dubbeldeman believes life should be lived to the fullest.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J.D. KONING



When we asked lovely Linda Dubbeldeman to tell us about herself she answered without a second's hesitation. "I'm the sort of person who never wastes a moment of the day," she says. "I'm determined that when I'm older I won't look back with regret about all the things I haven't done." At the moment Linda is occupying herself with modelling assignments and still finds time to play basketball and take her small sportscar out for long drives in the country.

"I like simple pleasures," Linda explains, "but I'm also not averse to the luxuries of life." When she travels, Linda always books herself first class and she loves to stay at big, opulent hotels. "That probably sounds a bit reckless," she says, "but I hate the idea of scrimping and saving, particularly as I'm getting lots of work as a photographic model. I must admit I spend a lot of money on clothes and I have a passion for high-heeled shoes. At last count I had 70 pairs!"

Linda says she's in no hurry to get married but she admits she's constantly on the lookout for Mr Right. "I think I'll know instinctively when he comes along," she smiles. "I believe a lot in chemistry. You know, people clicking and all that. And first impressions are very important. I'm very choosy about who I go out with. I won't accept an invitation just for the sake of going out. I'd rather spend time alone and indulge in some good old-fashioned fantasy!" Well, Linda, we have the definite suspicion you may just be figuring in quite a few fantasies around Australia this month.

MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Linda Dubbeldeman

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Linda Dubbeldeman

BUST: 93cm (37") WAIST: 65cm (25") HIPS: 93cm (37")

HEIGHT: 172cm WEIGHT: 59kg SIGN: Taurus

BIRTH DATE: 21-4-64

AMBITIONS: To make it big in showbusiness. To always be happy and healthy.

TURN-ONS: Going away on long holidays. Fast sports cars and being a Playmate!

TURN-OFFS: Cruelty to animals and finding breadcrumbs in bed.

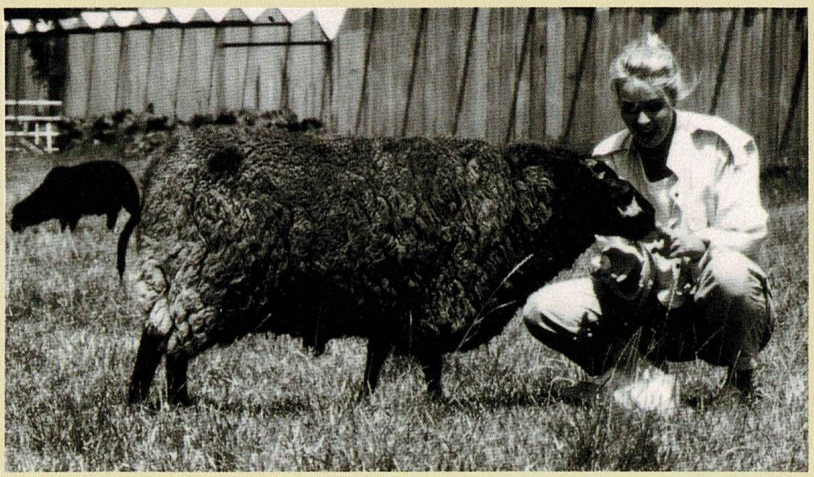
FAVORITE BOOKS: The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole and Clive James's Unreliable memoirs.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Marilyn Monroe, Harrison Ford, Dire Straits and Jack Nicholson.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Basketball and 10-pin bowling.

IDEAL MAN: A mixture of Harrison Ford and my father!

SECRET FANTASY: To spend the rest of my life with my ideal man.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Old Harry, a 70-year-old millionaire, had just married a very attractive 17-year-old girl.

"You old dog!" exclaimed his friend, Joe. "How can an old codger like you score a beautiful teenager for a wife?"

"Easy, mate," came the reply. "I told her I was 90!"

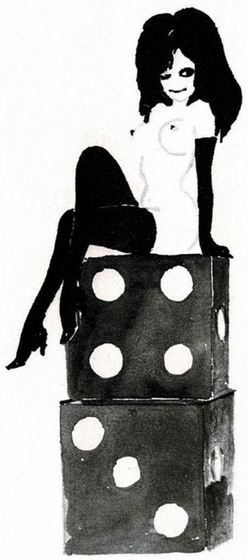
The shapely young miss entered the doctor's surgery and shyly sat down.

"All right, my dear," said the medico. "What can I do for you today?"

"This is rather embarrassing, doctor," she whispered. "You see, I have a vibrator stuck in my vagina."

"Yes, well, this could be tricky," replied the red-faced doctor. "You'd better lie down and I'll try to get it out for you."

"Oh, no, I don't want you to *remove* it!" she gasped. "I just want you to change the batteries!"



Prim and proper Miss McDuff plucked up enough courage to venture into a sex shop in Kings Cross. She timidly approached the salesman and asked him to show her a selection of vibrators.

The fellow brought out the two most popular models and proceeded to give the shy woman a demonstration. "Now this basic model is $40," he said, showing her how the penis-shaped apparatus worked. "This deluxe model has three speeds," he winked, switching on a $60 number.

"How much is that tartan one over there, laddie?" she inquired, pointing to an eye-catching item on the shelf behind the counter.

"Oh, that's really hot," he replied. "That's my top-of-the-line model and I couldn't let you have it for less than $100."

"I'll take it," she whispered.

Later that day the store owner called by to see how business was going. "Everything's fine," his salesman told him. "This morning I sold two porno videos and an inflatable doll. And this afternoon I got $100 for my Thermos!"

The enormous left breast of Miss Manion
Was matched by its shapely companion;
So whenever the wits
Took sight of those tits,
Her cleavage was dubbed The Grand Canyon.

LeRoy Neiman

Why are you looking so sad, Michael?" the teacher asked her young pupil.

"I didn't have any breakfast," he replied.

"Why, you poor dear," she said. "But you really must try to pay attention to our geography lesson. Now where is the Polish border?"

"He's in bed with my mother," came Michael's reply. "That's why I didn't get my breakfast!"

A young married couple in a small country town visited the local store to purchase a packet of condoms.

"These multi-colored ones are the latest thing," the storekeeper whispered.

"Okay, mate," the young man replied, "we'll take a packet of those."

Three months later he returned to the store and asked for a maternity dress for his wife.

"What bust?" queried the storekeeper.

"The blue one!" came the reply.

How do you feel about insects?" the entomologist asked the pretty young thing sitting next to him at the bar.

"I never molest flies unless they're open!" came her quick reply.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *cashing in money from the pokies* as coinus interruptus.

There was a young woman named Pippa,
Who said, "I'm exceedingly chipper.
For I've found an escape
From the problem of rape.
I just close up my twat with a zipper."

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"You ever notice? People just can't resist a clown!"

IT'S A MUG'S GAME

Man the lifeboats! Looks like we're going overboard for the America's Cup challenge.

THIS YEAR Australia will begin its defence of the America's Cup in Perth. If you live in Western Australia you'll know it's the

Humor by COLIN BOWLES

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL LEAK

biggest thing to hit the state since Skylab.

If you don't live there, and you're deaf, blind and have never heard of the America's Cup, well, here's the lowdown.

The America's Cup is a race. A race to build big hotels. A race to build new marinas. A race to capture investment dollars. It also has something to do with yachts, but not a lot. In fact it's been said that the America's Cup has done for sport what Charlie Chaplin did for radio.

HISTORY

The actual America's Cup looks like a big silver milk jug designed by a committee consisting of Frank Lloyd Wright, Andy Warhol and Barbara Cartland.

It was first won by the New York Yacht Club (NYYC) in a race off the Isle of Wight in England in 1851. It was then brought back to the United States and New Yorkers were told it was the greatest thing that had ever happened to them. New York then had a population of 603. A Trade Centre was built to give visitors a better view of the course, and the Wright Brothers were commissioned to invent the aeroplane so more visitors could fly in and fill up the empty rooms at the newly completed Waldorf Astoria hotel.

For 132 years America thrived. Until that historic day, September 26, 1983, when an investment called *Australia II* defeated a rival investment called *Liberty*. It was a moving occasion.

The Cup moved to Perth. The Americans moved to Fremantle. And the locals had to move out.

PERTH: THE CENTRE OF ATTENTION

One of the major drawbacks to promoting this America's Cup has been that many people weren't too sure where Western Australia was. Some of these people were from Perth.

Most visitors are pleased to discover that Perth, despite its remoteness, is actually a very up-to-date city with everything for the modern businessman, such as first-class accommodation, good restaurants and corruption.

Even without the America's Cup, Perth still has much to offer the would-be tourist. Indeed, the whole city has been remoulded with the future visitor in mind. The city is moving toward a unique blend of the clean, crisp, modern lines of Oslo and the warmth, friendliness and charm of Dallas.

Despite what its detractors say, Perth can now boast more marinas than Alice Springs, a better airport than Broken Hill, more nightlife than Dubbo, and more five-star hotels than Mt Isa and Mary Kathleen put together.

In the event that the Yanks reclaim their Holy Grail in early 1987, the WA Government is vying to attract other international events in the near future. Perth may be host to the Commonwealth Games in 1994 at the Perry Lakes complex. This 30,000-plus capacity stadium is in excellent condition as it hasn't been used since 1962, the last time the Commonwealth Games were held in Perth.

"A bit of weeding here and there in the main grandstand and it will come up as good as new," a spokesman told us. "The critics back in the '60s said it would be a white elephant, but I knew we'd need it again someday."

The port of Fremantle overlooking the Indian Ocean has much to offer the tourist. Charming old buildings, quiet streets and unspoiled beaches (although most of those are being bulldozed to make way for new tourist facilities).

Because of the huge numbers of people expected to arrive for the event, accommodation could be a bit of a problem. But should you arrive in WA and find you have been double-booked at your hotel, don't despair. For just $700 a night some boarding houses in Fremantle will be offering family accommodation. (You share a bedroom with the landlady's family.)

Alternatively, some residents are renting outside dunnies to the budget-minded tourist for just $20 a day. These are a little cramped but some would have excellent views of the Cup course if you were to leave the door open.

Visitors will find the locals colorful, friendly and disarmingly greedy.

THE '87 CHALLENGE

The 1986-7 America's Cup series has attracted unprecedented interest from all over the world. Syndicates from six countries (France, Canada, Italy, Britain, New Zealand and the USA) have come to compete for the Cup, although no one expects the final series to be anything other than a replay of the 1983 USA v Australia match.

The Canadians have come to stamp their traditional inferiority over the Americans and it is suspected that the French are only bringing their yacht over as a cover for their Secret Service to practise blowing up the New Zealand challenger in Fremantle harbor.

Peter de Savary has spent the equivalent of the British Gross National Product on his challenger. He has chosen to use "the best in British technology" on his boat, which automatically rules it out as a contender.

The Aga Khan's Italian contender, *Azzurra*, is purported to be made of 18 carat gold and uses Beluga caviar and an Irish racehorse as ballast. It is said to perform well in flukey winds when the last of the Rothschild '58 has been emptied out of the hold.

Other challengers have since been ruled out. A Japanese syndicate owned by a major Tokyo corporation produced a yacht that was considered at the time to be superior to anything else afloat but was disallowed by the International Yachting Federation because it was only 7cm long and ran on a battery. Objections were overruled.

The Bhagwan Sri Rajneesh also showed an interest in forming a syndicate before the unfortunate incidents last year at his ashram in Oregon. His boat, *Bagwash II*, performed badly in trials, mainly because the crew refused to change the sails. They said the sails had to *want* to change.

Up to now it has been a closely guarded secret that Australia's major political parties are also entering last-minute contenders for the Cup in order to uphold Australia's honor and win votes.

The ALP boat, *Spirit Of Consensus*, is under construction at a secret summit being held at the newly formed Canberra Yacht Club. In line with Labor party principles, it is being designed by a committee. It's 28 metres long, has two separate steerage systems and a winch assembly so complex the sails have to be lowered and raised by hand.

The hull has been designed by the ACTU, the keel by Mitsubishi, BHP and Exxon, and the sails, due for final stitching in March 1989, by the Commonwealth Public Service.

The Liberal boat has already had secret trials off the Victorian coast. However, there are strong rumors that the boat is unwieldy, outdated and has too much ballast for Australian conditions. It also has a tendency to veer miles away to starboard and scuttle itself.

MEDIA EVENTS

During the America's Cup there will be a number of other happenings that will undoubtedly add to the media importance of the main event. Here is a rough guide to the sort of spontaneous shenanigans that you can expect.

HIJACKING OF THE *ACHILLE LAURO*: The famous Italian "mystery cruise" liner will be in Perth for the duration of the series, and will be used as a spectator craft and the official vessel of the race jury. In the light of past events, it's likely that this notorious ship will become a prime target for fanatical fringe groups such as the PLO, the IRA and the NYYC.

PRE-RACE DISPUTES: In the time-honored tradition of all America's Cup battles, innovations from the challenging yachts are always denounced as illegal by the incumbent, and the matter is dragged before an international arbitrating authority.

As the Americans are getting technological assistance from NASA in preparing their '87 challenge, look out for disputes over heat shields (to protect US crews from the effects of the West Australian summer), and radical new keel designs involving *Saturn V* rockets. A furore is already brewing over a special America's Cup satellite recently launched from Cape Canaveral to change West Australian weather next summer.

THEFT OF THE AMERICA'S CUP: With the amount of publicity this event has now generated it's highly probable that someone will try and steal the cup in order to attract public attention. Look out for attempts from any number of prominent Sydney businessmen and racing identities.

HOW TO WIN THE CUP

If you'd like to come to Perth next summer as a competitor, not a spectator, take heart. The America's Cup is, even more so than indoor cricket and Trivial Pursuit, a game anyone can play. You don't need to be interested in sport. You don't even have to like sailing. It's not important you don't know your arse from your lee bow. All you need is 10 to 15 million dollars.

Winning the America's Cup brings together all those attributes that have made the world what it is today: money, espionage and arguing.

Money is the vital characteristic of the America's Cup sportsman. It's the linchpin on which all the other talents are based. Without it you're like Allan Border without his bat, Greg Norman without his putter or Kim Hughes without his contract to play in South Africa.

Espionage is also a vital part of America's Cup racing. You have to know what your competition is hiding. It's known as looking up each other's skirts.

The ability to argue is the other vital ingredient for success. It was a weakness in this department that cost the New York Yacht Club the cup in 1983 when they failed to have *Australia II* disqualified over its winged keel.

The ideal America's Cup sportsman then is a mixture of John Paul Getty, James Bond and John McEnroe.

HOW TO WATCH THE CUP

Watching an America's Cup race is as rivetting an experience as watching a plank warp.

However, if you insist on seeing this spectacle for yourself, there will be an abundance of spectator craft available to afford you a view of the proceedings (if you can afford *them*).

Indeed, it is reckoned the scene on race days will be reminiscent of Dunkirk in 1940. Only this time the fascists will be steering the boats.

If you're on a budget you might decide to view the race from the shore. You'll find it a once-in-a-lifetime experience. Something like watching two beetles racing up Ayers Rock from the keyhole of an Alice Springs motel room while looking through the wrong end of a telescope.

Your best chance is to watch it on television. In Darwin. At least you'll be able to find a place to park.

LIFE AFTER THE CUP

Already many WA number plates have been changed from "WA — State Of Excitement" to an even more optimistic slogan: "WA — Home Of The America's Cup". Looking at the new marinas, the new five-star hotels, the new nightclub complexes and the new casinos, we must ask — what happens if the Bond Corporation, sorry, we mean Australia, *loses* the America's Cup?

What will happen, for example, to the Magic Keel cafe? Or the hundreds of unsold America's Cup kangaroo paw ashtrays? Or the thousands of T-shirts with "I went all the way to Perth WA and I never saw one fucking frill-necked lizard" emblazoned on the front in Japanese? Or the tens of thousands of left-over limited-edition souvenir bottles of authentic cup course seawater presented in your own personal recycled stubbie for just $69.95?

If Australia does lose, it's been calculated that all the new hotels will come to such a pass that every man, woman and child in Western Australia will be able to afford to have their breakfast home delivered on a silver tray courtesy of each management. And everyone will be given 10 $5 chips to encourage them to go and play baccarat in the casino.

Rental accommodation will be available from leading hotels for $5 a night including free video and breakfast and the government will issue everyone in the coastal suburbs with a 30-foot Bertram in order to fill the new marinas.

If that happens, then for the people of Perth, the Cup really will run over.

...IT'S A MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE AS THEY RACE TO THE FINISH LINE.... FOR THOSE OF US WHO ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE ABLE TO SEE IT.....
"RACEVIEW"
LUXURY
APARTMENTS

LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO CUPSPEAK

If you're going to understand the radio and TV commentaries on the America's Cup, you'll first need a grounding in the vernacular of the sport. Here are some of the more common terms:

BOOM	The sound made in the middle of the night from one of the high-rise sites when a local ratepayer tries to blow it up.
COVERING TACTICS	Covering up commercial gain in green and gold colors.
DISPLACEMENT	The term applied to what happens to the residents of Fremantle who are renting properties that are now to be updated for foreign visitors.
JIBE	What rival Australian syndicate chiefs throw at each other in the lead-up to decide who will defend Australia's honor in the series.
LUFF	What you do if you win, as in luffing all the way to the bank.
PATRIOTISM	The warm feeling of pride you get to compensate for not scoring a share of the profits.
SAILS	What winning the America's Cup is all about.
SKIPPER	The one who sits up the back and writes the autobiography.
SLAM-DUNK MANOEUVRE	The method you use to get a high-rise building accepted by a local council over the protests of ratepayers. You "slam" an urgent deadline on the council with a few blank cheques and dunk down your building right next to the beach.
TACTICIAN	The one on the syndicate who forecasts and analyses shifts and tides, especially shifts in local government policy and the tide of public opinion.
WIND SHADOW	What you get if you live behind one of the new high-rises being built along the foreshores to give tourists a better view of the race.

ILLUSTRATION BY NEIL MOORE

THE GREAT CONTENDER

How ex-pug Joe Bugner became a society heavyweight. Article by
NOEL CARSTAIRS

THE PENTHOUSE WAS as plush as they come in Sydney, or anywhere else for that matter. The lights of the city played on the harbor below and the breeze rustling up from the seafront just made it through the open windows and kept the temperature bearable in the crowded room.

Still, it was a hot summer night and the man mountain in the white dinner jacket was clearly uncomfortable with the tight fit of the bow-tie around his bull neck. He kept smiling, of course, as did his voluptuous and spectacularly dressed wife, but one sensed that Joe Bugner might have enjoyed more another hot night 10 years before, when he climbed into a ring with the greatest prize fighter of all time and took him 15 punishing rounds.

Just turned 36, Joe Bugner is the flavor of the month in Sydney social circles, seldom left off the guest lists of the rich, the famous and the titled. He and his Australian-born wife Marlene are seen with politicians and princes, captains of industry and knights of the realm, stars of both

sports and soaps. In two short years they have firmly implanted themselves in that élite sometimes described by sycophantic social writers as the Top 200.

Thus it was not surprising to find Joe Bugner standing at the door of a swish penthouse, wearing a white dinner suit and playing meeter and greeter to such disparate luminaries as the tennis player John Alexander, the rag trader Stuart Membery, the arbiter of bad taste Jeanne Little and the bubbling socialite Diana Fisher. It was only surprising to see him in this role if you remembered that here was a refugee from the Hungarian revolution who had become at 17 the youngest ever heavyweight professional boxer and had gone on to win 63 of 72 professional fights, meeting along the way such masters of the pugilistic art as Henry Cooper, Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali.

In the heat of the penthouse Joe sipped a flute of Moet et Chandon and smilingly directed his guests to the gentlemen in wigs and Louis XIV gear who were toting silver trays full of hors-d'oeuvre. He played the game well, pushing people into suitably sociable groups with a quip and a smile. But when the first rush of guests subsided, Joe whipped off the coat and the tie and undid a few buttons of his wing-collared shirt.

"That's bloody better," he said. "Now I can have some fun."

Bugner is built like the proverbial brick amenities block — two metres plus and 18 stone of mostly muscle — but he does not look like a man who has taken punches from the best fighters in the world. His face is smooth, his nose relatively aquiline and his mind sharp. This is because he was a superb defender as well as a vicious puncher, and perhaps one of the best all-round fighters never to have won a world heavyweight title. Yet Joe Bugner is remembered in Britain and the US as the guy who was beaten by Frazier and Ali (twice), the guy who didn't quite go all the way, rather than as a British, European and Commonwealth champion who ranked as high as fourth in the world and took the heaviest puncher the game has ever known (Frazier) and its most brilliant exponent (Ali) the full distance each time he met them.

The gladhanders on the Sydney champagne circuit know that Joe Bugner is an ex-pug — dear boy, that's part of his brutish charm — but do they know that he is one of the greats of the sport? I doubt it, but for this they can be forgiven, because the public of Bugner's adopted homeland, Britain, never really accepted it either.

When he first stepped into a ring Joe Bugner hated it. He was 14 and a big boy whose weight put him into an amateur division against older and more wily youths. He knew from the start that he didn't like punishment and became adept at avoiding it. Furthermore, his heart was still on the athletics field, where he had entered the *Junior Guinness Book Of Records* in 1964 for the longest discus throw — some 185 feet and 3½ inches. But Joe was a refugee whose English was still not good and whose academic prospects were glum. He was big, strong and agile and he needed a sport he could make a career of.

So he fought 14 amateur bouts (losing only three) while he continued in track and field. In early 1968 he was selected in the British team for the Junior Olympics, but instead he became a professional boxer. The logic is easy to understand. The three Bugner children in England were supported by their mother, who had spent every penny of the family wealth fleeing the Russian takeover. After almost two years in refugee camps she had managed to establish a home for them, but she spoke little English and worked in lowly paid manual jobs, such as washing cars, to pay the rent. Joe had a talent that might help pay the bills, so at 17 he accepted an invitation to punch for a purse.

It was an inauspicious beginning to a great career. He was knocked out in the fourth round by a fighter whose name has long since been forgotten. He received £45 ($A90) for the effort and some consolation when a well-known entrepreneur took him aside in the dressing-room and said: "Look, Joe, when you get over the headache you shouldn't worry too much about this. Jack Dempsey got knocked out in his first fight and he did all right."

Suddenly Joe Bugner was the guy they loved to hate. He was cocky in the extreme and his exploits filled the tabloids as he continued his progress.

So did Joe Bugner next time out. The beating had been a blessing in disguise because Joe's invincibility at the discus and his easy run in the amateur game had instilled in him a level of confidence that was as frightening at it was misplaced. Now his manager could talk sense to him. "Remember this," he told Joe, "if you don't protect yourself, your career in the ring will be very short and very painful." Joe remembered.

He also worked on his punching power, building himself up with long days of ditch-digging with the road gangs around his new hometown of St Ives in Cambridgeshire. His shoulders and arms became stronger and stronger and his hitting became awesome.

At 19 he was making £10,000 ($A20,000) a fight. He quit the roads. It was also at this age that he began to inflict brutal punishment on lessers who stepped into the ring with him. Shortly after losing on points to an American called Dick Hall, Bugner was matched with a black American, Phil Smith, who was about the same build but of unknown ability. Perhaps out to prove a point to the fight fans of the United States, Bugner rained punches on the hapless Smith, who had no answer, went down again and again and actually cried in the ring before the referee stopped the fight after one round and 80 seconds.

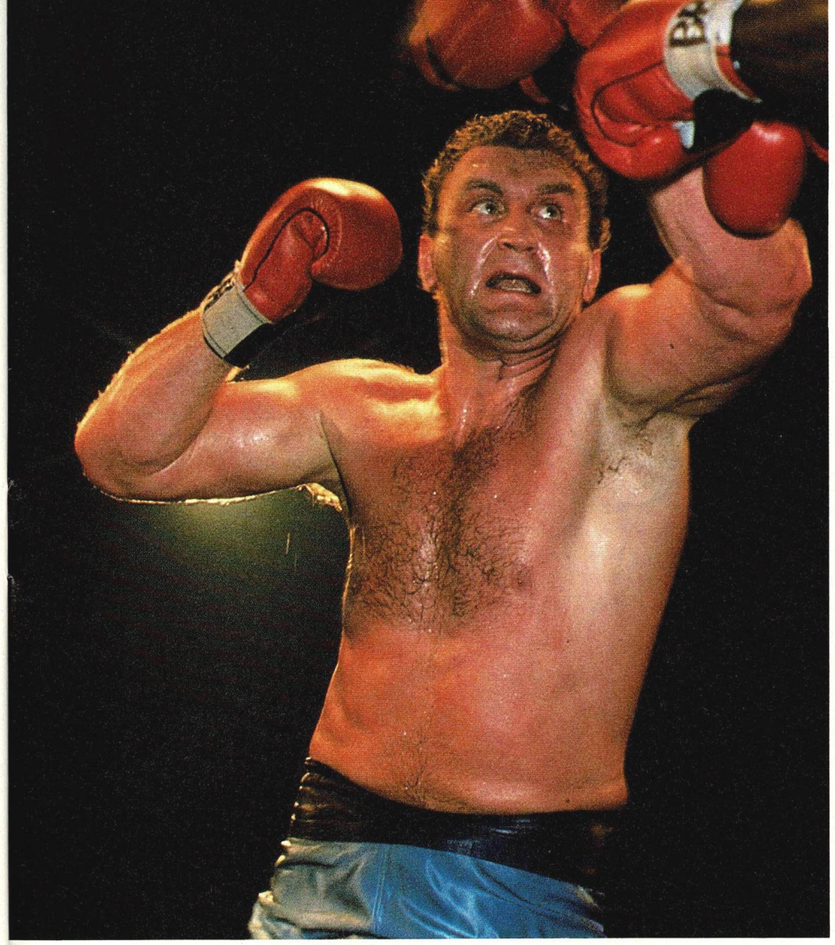
London *Sunday Times* journalist Rob Hughes would later write: "I see, even now, the confusion and fear in that black man's eyes as he stood before Bugner like a rabbit paralysed before a stoat. When Bugner saw it too, he pounded in with clubbing punches you normally see sunk into a punchbag."

Bugner fought in front of capacity houses at Royal Albert Hall and the Empire Pool, Wembley, but there were as many jeers as cheers. Bugner, after all, was a Hungarian upstart, and they already had a god in Henry Cooper, the much-loved British and Commonwealth champion who had knocked Muhammad Ali down in 1963 with his fearful left hook. British heavyweights had never been much chop until Henry came along. And anyway, Bugner was really Hungarian. It was inevitable that the two should meet for the title and it was equally inevitable that the fans should all be on Cooper's side.

There were 12,000 Cooper fans inside the Empire Pool on the night, in 1971, when Joe Bugner thrashed Henry Cooper. They booed long and hard at the upstart who had made "Henry's Hammer" look like marshmallow. It was the beginning of a new phase in Joe's relationship with his fellow Britons, and to celebrate, he bought a Rolls-Royce with the number plate "1 ON U". It was Joe's way of saying up the lot of you.

Suddenly Joe Bugner was the guy they loved to hate. He was cocky in the extreme and his exploits filled the tabloids as he continued his progress up the heavyweight rankings. Outside of Britain, however, he was largely unknown until 1973 when he was matched with Joe Frazier at Earls Court. Frazier, who had won the world heavyweight title when he knocked Ali out in the 15th round in 1971, was recognised as the heaviest puncher in the world. A Frazier fight, like an Ali fight, was a world media event.

Television rights were sold around the world, and with so many eyes on ringside the international celebrity brigade trooped in to see and be seen. Burt Reynolds and Ryan O'Neal flew in from Hollywood. Sean Connery was there, as were Oliver Reed and Richard Burton. This was Joe Bugner's big coming out, but no one rated him a chance. No British heavyweight had ever gone the distance with a world champion and the betting was not on who would win, but in which round Bugner would be knocked out. As far as the great majority of fight fans and media experts were concerned, it was pre-



Bugner. . . perhaps one of the best all-round fighters never to have won a world title.

ordained that Bugner would join the league of famous British "horizontal heavyweights".

None of that deterred Joe. He was peaking in power and confidence and was convinced he could win. And in a way he did. For 15 rounds he took the heaviest punches in the business and bounced back for more. Knocked down for a count of three at one stage, he never looked in danger of being knocked out. His defences were too good and, although he was outclassed by a better fighter, he left the ring with the respect of the sell-out crowd. No one booed him that night. Bugner had shown he was truly world class.

But he was a mess after the fight. Frazier's close-in, body-punching style had taken its toll. Joe had bruises right around his waistline and below, and he needed stitches in his chin as a result of Frazier's constant headbutting in the clinches. His confidence, however, was undented and just four months later he flew to Las Vegas to take on Muhammad Ali in a world title elimination.

The Ali match at the Las Vegas Auditorium was to be a bigger event than the Frazier fight, and Ali hyped it in his inimitable style from the moment Bugner hit town. In fact he started hyping it in London several months before, when Joe knocked out an opponent in the third round. Ali, who had been sitting ringside, suddenly jumped on to the apron of the ring, ripped off his shirt and shaped as if to teach Joe a lesson then and there. The photo made the front pages, of course, but Ali had no real score to settle with Joe Bugner. They had known each other since 1969 when Joe had sparred with the champ during a sponsored American tour. They were friendly, if not quite friends, and Bugner knew all about Ali's antics. In the ring, however, the clowning stopped and Ali gave no second chance.

Bugner recalls: "The fight itself was more psychologically demanding than it was physical. Ali talked right through it, trying to throw me off. He'd come back from a good punch and say, 'Not bad, boy, but you gotta do better'n that.' It was this constant stream of chatter designed to put you off guard and you had to be very careful not to let it distract you."

And there were other distractions outside the ring. Since his good showing against Frazier, Joe had gathered a legion of celebrity fans, among them such entertainment heavyweights as Frank Sinatra. But the greatest distraction ringside was the woman he noticed sitting with a director of Caesar's Palace and his wife. She was sensational. He filed her face for later.

Bugner lost on points but emerged unscathed, which is more than can be said for Ali, who copped a lovely shiner, the first of his professional career. "You gave me a white eye, boy," Ali said in mock anger at his post-fight press conference.

Two years later they met again, this time for the heavyweight championship of the world in the steamy climate of Kuala Lumpur. On advice from tropical medicine experts, Bugner arrived three weeks before the fight to acclimatise, but he immediately fell ill with a typical Asian belly. He shed weight alarmingly and only put it back on when he took up a diet of two pints of Guinness a day. Ali, on the other hand, acclimatised in Florida and arrived raring to go. He announced before the fight: "I have a round one attack that will shock the world. Bugner will retreat like hell. He will be shocked, astonished and amazed."

While Ali was true to his word and charged in during the opening minutes, it was something quite unrelated to this that shocked and amazed Joe Bugner. In Malaysia the fight had political undertones because Ali was the champion of the Muslims and Bugner had been taken up as the representative of the vast Chinese population. (When one looks at the blond, blue-eyed features of Bugner, attached to the huge frame, this seems hard to imagine, but stranger things have happened in Asia.) In any case, a week before the fight the Bugner camp received a phone call advising them that if Bugner beat Ali he would be assassinated before he left the ring.

The camp retreated to the top floor of the hotel and had it sealed by an armed security force while Joe tried to keep a cool head. On the day of the fight the government administrator of sport had 1500 army special branch men posted throughout the 40,000 crowd at the outdoor stadium, each with a machine-gun at the ready.

But the fight went off without a hitch because Bugner did not beat Ali, even though he tested him for another 15 rounds. The American writer and Ali-ophile, Henry James Korn, later wrote: "Although the judges and the referee called some rounds even, and because the champ occasionally rested, a few rounds for Bugner, Muhammad Ali actually won all 15 rounds of their fight. Ali's total victory over the fourth-ranked heavyweight in the world was the most remarkable thing about an otherwise unremarkable bout."

Quite apart from the tortured grammar, this account is completely at odds with the truth and an interesting example of how the media so often downplayed Bugner to protect a legend. As Bugner himself puts it: "When you fight a legend you have to knock him out. There's no way you can outpoint him."

No one has suggested that Bugner was robbed in Kuala Lumpur, but the facts are

that the decision was extremely close and that, after the fight, tests revealed that both men had lost more than 14 pounds in liquid in the humidity. Ali collapsed and was rushed back to his medical team at his hotel. Bugner was put on a glucose drip for several hours. On a steamy night in the tropics two big men had pounded each other almost into submission, one perhaps a little closer than the other. That was the truth about the second Bugner-Ali fight.

Back in England the press claimed that Ali's win showed Bugner did not have what it took, to which Joe replied by retiring from the ring. He was 25 and he had career earnings of $US3 million. He told them to shove it. But it was to be a shortlived retirement, ended by the oldest trick in the fight promoter's book.

A former British paratrooper, Richard Dunn, was to fight Muhammad Ali in Germany for the world title. On paper it looked to be the most absurd mismatch in boxing history. A television network asked Joe to fly to Germany as a commentator. He rejected the offer and, for good measure, explained that he would be no party to the disgraceful annihilation of a fighter who wasn't good enough to contest the world title. It would all be over in the first bloody round, he declared.

Those remarks were considered to be terribly unsporting and unpatriotic when they went to air, but in the event they were fairly accurate. In five awful rounds Dunn got back up four times but stayed horizontal on the fifth. Nevertheless he returned to Britain a hero and immediately got stuck into Joe Bugner. Verbally. The promoters tried to talk Joe back into the ring to settle the issue but he refused until, surprise, surprise, Dunn gave him a spray in the tabloid newspapers accompanied by a photo of Joe, around which a clever artist had arranged a toilet seat. This was where Joe Bugner belonged, according to Richard Dunn, the caption explained.

Heavy stuff. Joe took the fight "with hatred for the first time in my life" and vowed not only to recapture Dunn's Commonwealth and European titles, but to knock the paratrooper fair into next week. Predictably, press and public took up the Dunn cause and waited to see the Hungarian upstart taught a final lesson. The *Sunday Times*, however, which thought boxing not fit for public consumption and maintained a lonely vigil against it, saw the fight as a complete farce.

"They are calling it the Big Grudge Fight," the paper intoned, "hoping public gullibility will swallow a match between the only British heavies whose names mean anything, but who are patently a reluctant athlete and an honest plodder."

On the night the reluctant athlete took out the honest plodder with a right-cross, left-hook combination after just two minutes and 14 seconds. Bugner was back, but it was not a thoroughly happy return to the ring, and after a painful defeat against Ron Lyle in the US he retired again, this time staying out until 1980. But while his fighting career had perhaps peaked, his celebrity status was still on the rise and Joe moved to Hollywood to play lovable bad guys in biffo movies.

During that Hollywood period he looked across a crowded room at one of Joan Collins's lavish parties and saw the girl he had seen ringside at his Vegas fight with Ali. Then a journalist with *Time*, Marlene was very much a citizen of the world. She was beautiful and intelligent and she took one look at Joe Bugner's hair shirt, gold chains and white slip-ons and didn't much like what she saw.

"She hated the Gucci look," Joe recalls. "Plus I was pretty obnoxious. You know, I'd had my share of ladies. I realised that if I was going to win her over I'd have to button up my shirt and sharpen up my mind." Marlene flew to Hawaii on assignment and Joe followed. It took a while but she weakened, and they were married in the house where nuptials had been performed for Gable and Lombard. Joe's old mate, crooner Tom Jones, was best man and, like Joe, he buttoned up his shirt and put away the gold chains.

A second marriage for both, it seemed to be made in heaven. Not even Joe's return to the ring in 1980 seemed to faze Marlene. She sweated with him through every punch of every fight, but by 1984 she had had enough. She said no more and Joe agreed, so after beating the European heavyweight champion in Denmark he hung up the gloves for good and the couple moved to Sydney to start a new life.

The Joe Bugner that Sydney knows is not a man you would be afraid to meet in a dark alley. He is huge and affable, like Humphrey B. Bear. It is hard to imagine the terror felt by Phil Smith, the black fighter so comprehensively pulverised by Bugner all those years ago. Perhaps the years have mellowed him, or perhaps he was always like this outside the ring. Searching for the key to the social success of the Joe Bugners, columnist Leo Schofield put it down to their niceness. Trite but accurate. Joe Bugner is simply a nice, uncomplicated bloke.

On the afternoon of Jeff Fenech's world title defence against Jerome Coffee, Bugner sits behind his desk in a downtown city office and positively beams with good health and humor. He wears a two-tone business shirt open at the neck (no chains), a pair of cream jeans and casual shoes.

In a few hours he will be ringside on the ABC commentary team for the Fenech fight. The bantamweight champion from Marrickville has breathed new life into the fight game and there will be a capacity crowd for this event, paying up to $125 a ticket — or five times that from the scalpers.

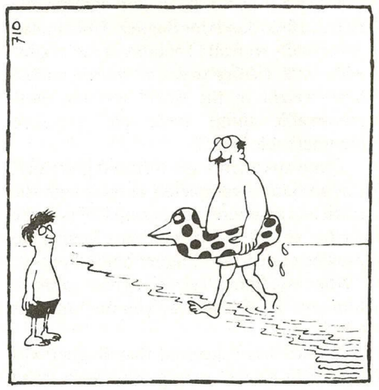
Mid-afternoon Bugner tires of shuffling paper. "Let's go to the gym," he says. We pile into my Ford Laser and head across town. The heavyweight looks absurd in the front passenger seat, his knees pushed up near his chin. "Great little cars these," he says. "Drove one to Noosa once." If the story is true he must have spent a week with a chiropractor afterwards.

At the Fitness Network gym he smiles approvingly at a leggy blonde heading for the aerobics class, then changes into a singlet and grey briefs. Almost every day Bugner does an hour of fast-paced circuit training, moving lightly from one weight machine to the next, but today he calls it quits after 20 minutes and adjourns to the cafe for a cappuccino.

"There's nothing worse than an out-of-condition athlete," he says. "I let my weight explode for a while after I stopped fighting — from 16 stone fighting weight out to 20 plus. But I'm back to 18 and I'm happy with that. Hey, I could go a few rounds tonight if I had to."

Instead, Joe Bugner goes about 100 rounds with the microphone. During the preliminaries to the main event, however, there is the traditional roll call of champions and the big man in the blue suit bounds through the ropes when his name is announced.

The response from the capacity crowd is totally positive. Fight fans, like cocktail clinkers, have finally warmed to Joe Bugner.



"How do you plan to use all this fitness, Mrs Gilbert?"

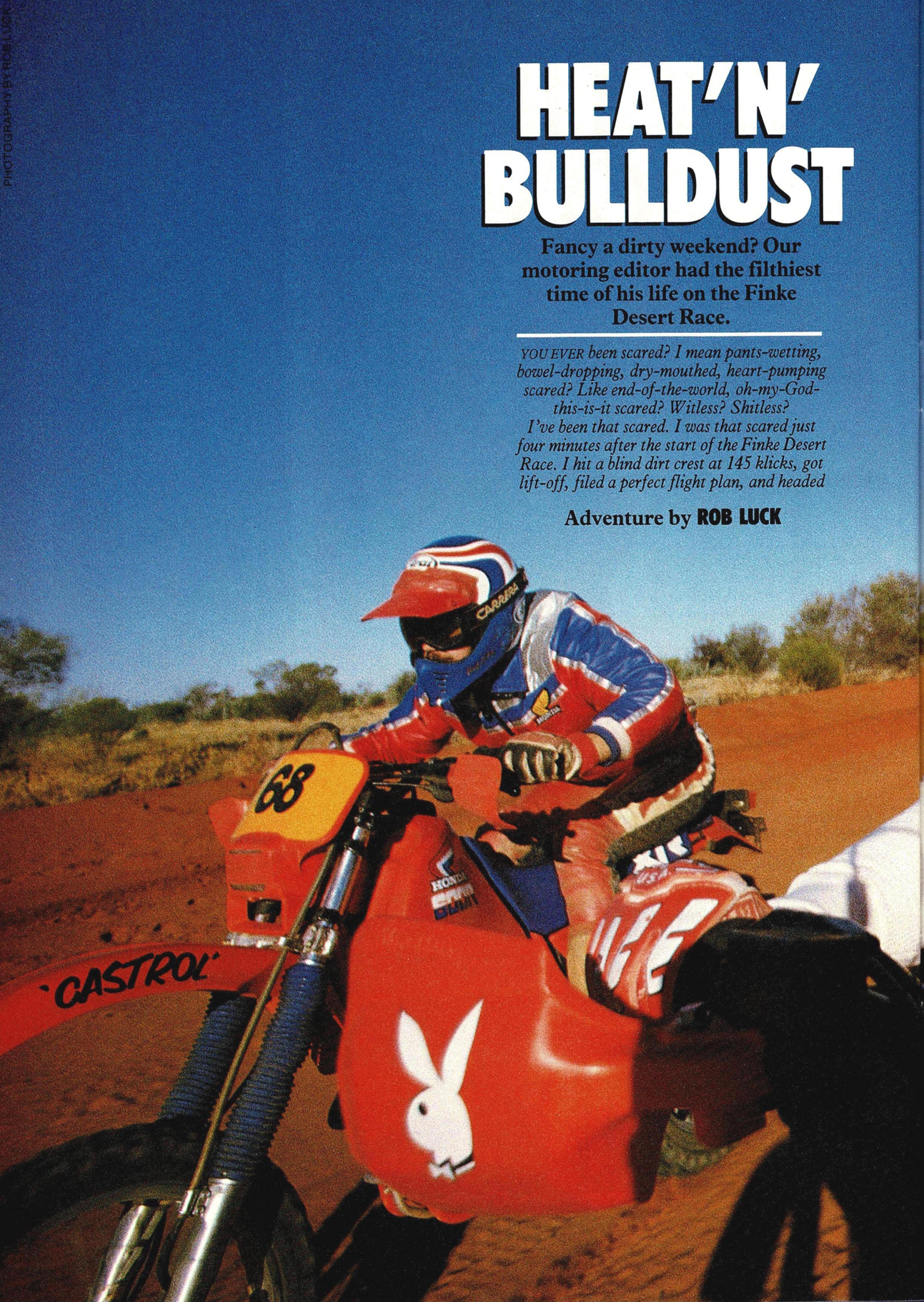
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROB LUCK

HEAT 'N' BULLDUST

Fancy a dirty weekend? Our motoring editor had the filthiest time of his life on the Finke Desert Race.

YOU EVER been scared? I mean pants-wetting, bowel-dropping, dry-mouthed, heart-pumping scared? Like end-of-the-world, oh-my-God-this-is-it scared? Witless? Shitless? I've been that scared. I was that scared just four minutes after the start of the Finke Desert Race. I hit a blind dirt crest at 145 klicks, got lift-off, filed a perfect flight plan, and headed

Adventure by **ROB LUCK**



READY, SET, GO!

THE DATE:	**June 8, 9 (Queen's Birthday Long Weekend).**
THE PLACE:	**Alice Springs**
THE PRIZEMONEY:	**$40,000 ($10,000 1st outright, $3000 2nd, $1000 3rd. $750 per class 1st, class places paid).**
CLASSES:	**Outright, classes all two and four-strokes, trikes, quadracers, outfits, geros (greybeards).**
ENTRY:	**Fee $100 (Includes transport of equipment to overnight base, and fuel stops, free pitcrews, supply own fuel etc).**
ORGANISERS:	**Outback Desert Racing Club, PO Box 283, Alice Springs, NT 5750. Tel: (089) 52 2381 Judi Hoare.**
SPONSORS:	**West End beer, Alice Springs Foto Centre, Taps, Tubs and Tiles, Ansett, Kodak.**
LICENCE:	**Road licence (any state) plus ACU general competition licence (through club).**
LEGAL:	**Special police waiver issued for unregistered motorcycles, and to allow speed, passing left, riding abreast etc.**
START:	**Le Mans running start, each class, shotgun signal.**
DISTANCE:	**225km (approx) to Finke and return.**
AV SPEED:	**Outright, approx 112km/h.**
FINISH:	**Alice Springs, at start line.**
CONTROL:	**Northern Territory Emergency Services. Radio control support all camps, bases, air-to-ground control and communication.**
EMERGENCY:	**Two helicopters, one light aircraft (minimum).**
MEDICAL:	**St John Ambulance — two units, including mobile, one located at Finke basecamp.**
FUEL:	**Recommended two fuel stops each way. Standard positions. Loan crews available. Free transport all fuel and supplies (replacement goggles, drinks etc).**
CONSERVATIONISTS:	**No problem. They don't travel that far!**

for a touchdown zone 20 metres away. It was full of wreckage: bikes and riders strewn over every inch of the road. There was nowhere to go.

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No one knows what draws bike riders to Alice Springs each year for what is arguably the world's toughest desert race. It could be frontiersmanship: the challenge of tackling the outreach zones. It could be the atmosphere, the smell, the sound, the fury. It could be the money: once a "winner-takes-all" purse of $10,000, now a $40,000 extravaganza spread between places and classes. Or it could be the sniff of danger — that irresistible human urge to confront your own fallibility with the aim of succeeding.

Whatever it is, it's good enough to entice more than 120 riders to risk their health, their finances, their riding reputations, and their relationships on a 225 kay blast down a barren desert track to a dry creekbed in the Never Never . . . and back again.

It's good enough to persuade the Northern Territory Tourist Bureau to sink thousands of dollars into promoting the event. And good enough to open the wallets of sponsors as varied as Ansett Airlines, West End beer, Kodak film, Alice Springs Foto Centre, and the big tryer of recent years, Taps, Tubs and Tiles, a local bathroom company.

It's good enough to lure the cream of Australia's two-wheel dirt-specialist heroes to this desert outpost to gamble their ability against the elements for another notch on their record gunbelts. And it's good enough to get this particular motorised crazy, along with dozens of other desert bike rookies, to tilt at the Never Never each year.

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Still airborne, with 2/100ths of a second decision time left, I nominated a right curve and a shot at the steep sand bank, the only place not strewn with human and automotive wreckage. It's an impossible move: a sickening landing, a twisting slash up the wall of death, another unscheduled aerial, a flight into the greentops of the desert scrub, another touchdown in a ditch, and another bank ahead . . . oh Jesus . . . more "air-time" coming up . . .

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Consider the potential risks for a competitor in this cannonball of desert bike racing.

There are well over 100 other "lunatics" to contend with, grouped in classes of 15 or 20 according to bike type and capacity, leaving in suicide waves, line-abreast, Le Mans-start style, at the sound of a shotgun blast, heading for a narrow strip of dirt and a chance at the lead.

There's a long ribbon of red gravel stretching almost 80km from the startline, almost dead-straight except for some bumps, slight curves, some crests and hidden dips. Regardless, this section must be taken with the taps turned on full, lying flat on the tank, trying to screw every

kilometre possible out of the machine, maintaining speeds of 150km/h on a bike geared up from a normal street-stock 100km/h, or nearly 200km/h from a big, fat, outright runner.

There is, at the end of the kamikaze straight, the start of another 150km of tortuous desert trails: rocky creekbeds, gibber plains, ball-bearing gravel, choking dust, knee-deep sand, ridges, railway sleepers, blind turns, rock outcrops, fallen timber and massive banks. Regardless of pre-runs (some competitors do it 20 times) there is no way to memorise all of this track. There will always be the unexpected.

There's the knowledge that ahead lies the challenge of the desert, and behind, like a horde of wailing banshees, is a swarm of angry, aggro, desert zombies, all lusting for your position, your piece of track, your blood.

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It's in the middle of the third unplanned takeoff that the mind finally scrambles and the brain tape switches from fast-forward to instant replay. In one of those classic life-flashing-before-your-eyes scenarios, I see the start again in slow motion: the big shotgun pounds into the sky near my left ear, and I launch out of the chocks . . . 10 carefully measured strides and a check-step and my hands are on the bars . . . the boot heel slams hard on to the left footpeg and the other leg arcs on to the kickstart. . . the engine barks, clutch drops, and the bike erupts out of the startgroove . . . I look along the line . . . first, first away, no one has moved . . . yaaaaeeeee . . .

Ahead there is another ditch, another bank, another takeoff. Why did it have to go wrong?

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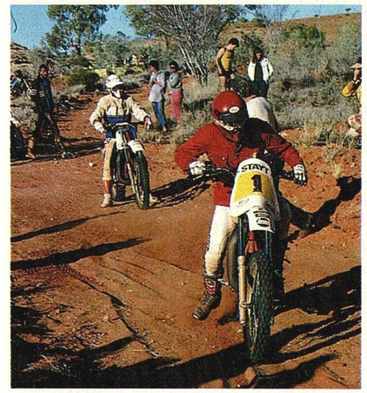
Three weeks before race day, the young lions begin to arrive. Phil Lovett is first, Australia's best-ever enduro rider, three times winner of the event, a favorite. Well seasoned but far from jaded, Lovett has won the Ebenezer 12-hour, another exercise in marathon insanity. He has a personal triple to achieve: the Ebenezer, the Finke and the Wynns. In last year's Wynns he humiliated the world's best desert champions for most of the event. Lovett settles into an arduous training campaign running the whole course at least once a day.

Then there is Phil Curtis. Local Hero. Curtis won the first-ever Finke, and backed it twice more. His last win was in '80 and he's hungry for more loot. No one knows how much Curtis trains because he lives here. But no one knows the course better.

Then there is Peter Stayt. The Defender. Winner in '84 and '79. An ex-local, he is a Cairns nightclub bouncer, a giant of a man, with a reputation for lifting bikes sideways at a hundred clicks and placing them where he wants on the track. He is also something of a Greek god figure to the local women.

Then there is Stephen Gall. Mr Nice Guy of dirty bikes. Four times Mr Motocross champion and a long-distance



surprise who booted the aces out of the winner's circle in 1983.

Then there is Jeff Leisk. The new mega-hero of Motocross. Young, talented, shy except on a bike, and with unbelievable potential. For 12 months he has been unbeatable at everything. Only the Finke Desert Race jinx could get him. No one (except the first-time winner Curtis) has ever taken this event at the first attempt.

As with any sport, there is pre-race posturing. The psyching starts in bars and pubs and eateries. It is rife in the Alice's bike emporiums where bikers borrow floorspace to build, tune, rebuild and experiment. Down at Chris Neck's Honda Centre, rival banter mingles with tool swaps. Bikers trade in a currency of fibs and fudges, passing crap as bona fide, man-oeuvreing about gearing, rubber, fuel range and aero artifacts.

The catalyst for all this is promoter Damien Ryan, a giant jovial Michelin man of a figure, the Michael Edgley of the desert rats. Ryan is organiser, money-grubber, politician, intermediary bikie father-figure and chief stirrer. Ryan pours more petrol on flaming rumors than local garages spill into long-range bike tanks.

At the end of pre-race week, the whole town is a seething mire of intrigue, rumor, claim and counter-claim. Blended with race hype, it drags every corner of the local and tourist community into the spirit of the event.

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The creekbed finally signals an end to the nightmare. The bike thumps down hard, tracks across the pebble base and launches out on to the flat, dry plain beyond. Miraculously it has stayed upright. Nothing whatsoever to do with skill or control.

Ahead lies another 220km of agony and ecstasy. And that's just today. There is the return trip tomorrow. If I make it. . .

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The rider trudging alongside his bike is a mere excuse for a man. As he shoves the machine that last few metres into the dusty creekbed camp, he looks like a walking corpse. Cheekbones, red and lined, look like they are trying to get out through papyrus-like skin. He walks like C-3PO and looks like an Ewok. He makes a sound like a cross between Darth Vader and a tracheotomy victim. His matted hair is like something wrung out of a mop bucket. He has the skin texture of ET.

He has ridden 80 kilometres through the desert on a tyreless back wheel. He has fought stones and gravel and choking sand. And he has made it to the silt-choked Finke River bed, 500 metres wide. Only the bank on the far side has beaten him. Rearing straight up and four metres high, it has beaten his engine. Seized it solid. But he is

not beaten. He drags the 200kg monster up the bank, then lifts it and pushes it three more kilometres to basecamp. Then he lies it down reverently in the dust, and begins, slowly and carefully, to strip and rebuild it.

Every Finke Desert Race is full of heroism. There are a hundred stories per event. There's an anecdote for every shocking kilometre. There's an incident at every outpost. And there are plenty to recount it. There are the riders who endure the whole thing. And the support crews who stand in the burning desert and fuel the machines at two fuel camps each way. For them, glory is achieving the shortest possible time between the arrival and departure of a supercharged, two-wheel dust-storm. At best they can hope for a tortured entreaty of "faster, faster!" At worst they could find themselves spread-eagled.

There are the spectators. More than 5000 at the start and finish. And another guesstimated 3000 along the way. On knolls and outcrops, and sandy turns and creekbeds, they appear as if by magic. Local farmers, Aborigines from camps, enthusiasts, spectators and supporters from the Alice. At the end of the two days, they are gone without a trace.

And there are the eyes in the sky: the support choppers from the army, emergency services, and the light aircraft that ferry the organisers down to Finke township and back. Those people know as well as anyone about the hell on earth below. The chopper pilots know that the leaders will easily outrun them to Finke. And the light plane pilots know they have one quick circuit at Alice before departing to beat the field to the first pitstop. Then there is the drama, when choppers will drop from the sky to lift injured riders to Alice base.

Euphoria does funny things to the brain. Funny things like locking out fear and caution. The first leg is two-thirds run and I am deep in the sandy section. Here the sand humps in waves a couple of strides apart, waves that go on and on for 20 kilometres! There is only one way to take them: you wrench the throttle, hook the front wheel up and just wheelie the bike on the back tyre right across the bump-tops. Drop that nose at 100km/h and you drop the bike. If you drop the bike, it is very generous and lets you go first. . . over the handlebars. About the time you are thinking the bombing out on soft sand isn't so bad after all, the bike arrives in its own little accident. On top of you.

You don't drop the bike. Instead you hike the front wheel and haul ass and hang on. Skimming the desert ruts haunted by a swarm of feral bikies behind, you get hoo-boy euphoric. It's that good. There you are, belting the shit out of this bucket of bits and bolts and it feels so good you wanna scream. Usually you do; especially if you fall down.

The Finke is not a race, it's a legend. The riders are all cameo heroes: athletes, gladiators, a hundred Mad Max clones. The desert zombies.

There are no losers; anyone who starts is a winner. There are mega-winners like Lovett, who dropped the start and won the race, flying blind in leader dust for almost all the event. There are winners like Jeff Leisk, who proved he could mix it with the desert loonies, and proved he was human enough to honor the Finke jinx with a freaky broken chain. There was David Rose, Australian 125cc Enduro champ who dragged that bike into Finke, but never made another inch.

I won a seat in a Budget Hilux King Cab, my lovely Honda XR250RF jiggling at its tie-down straps in the trayback, engine seized solid. It was a hard act to take, from hero to zero in the wink of an eye, but nothing could take away that race. Not the zooming start, nor being swallowed by the pack of local hotshots on the straights, nor the horrifying "off", nor the run back up to fourth in class at Finke. Nor the battle for third on the second day when the engine bailed out.

Nothing can take that race away. Nothing. Which is why I'll be back again. This year. Bring on the June long weekend.

FINKE DESERT SURVIVAL KIT

In a memorable Finke incident, John Behren tried to cut down a 13cm thick sapling, 6 metres off the ground — just with his body. Conservative estimates put his collision velocity with the tree at around 110 km/h, varying upwards to 160 . John didn't succeed in felling the tree, but his motorcycle, which followed him into the crash zone, was nearly broken in two and a piece of the tree smashed right through the crankcase. A spear through the machine's heart ended its useful life. By comparison, John fared somewhat better thanks to his body armor.

Body armor is a range of protective shields clamped to various vulnerable parts of the body, enabling the rider to wield himself more effectively at the scenery. As any rookie could tell, a battle between a kneecap and a tree stump is pretty uneven. But a simple piece of articulated plastic inserted in the front of a kneecap can prevent that delicate joint being turned into a jigsaw puzzle that will keep medicos wealthy for years to come.

The same sort of deal applies for ribs (under-shirt armor packs), elbows (articulated guards), shins and feet (steel-covered or solid plastic boots) and hands (proper gloves). That leaves the head. Unless you've got teeth that are trained to eat steel (handlebars) and rocks, get a full-face helmet.

In the middle of the crash helmet is a slit for the eyes. A few centuries ago, guys who wore that kind of head gear and charged at each other with steel sticks saw the necessity to flip the visor down first. The modern day equivalent is clear, easy-to-wear goggles (not visors); without them, one small gravel chip will explode your eyeball.

And that brings us back to John Behren. Despite his high-speed high-altitude cuddle with the tree, desperado Behren limped away virtually uninjured. He was wearing "the uniform". The alternatives range from loss of body items to permanent disability, even death. By comparison with current medical/funeral costs a few hundred bucks worth of equipment seems quite reasonable.

THE BODY ARMOR

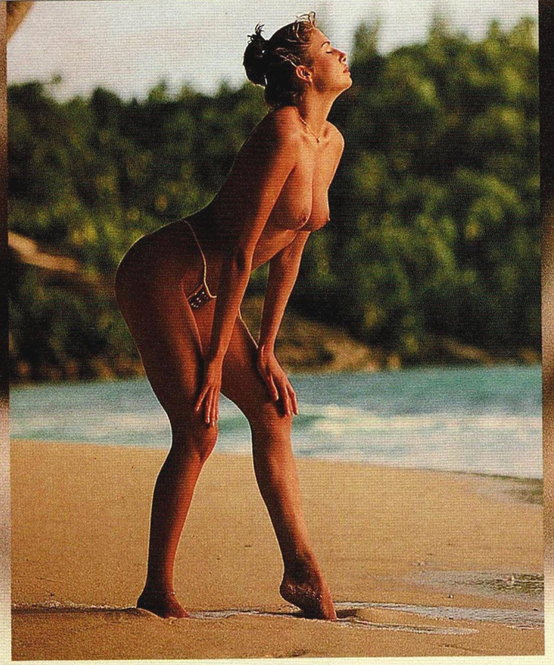
ARMS:	**Elbow pads (polycarbonate, articulated). Gloves.**
BIKE:	**Cross-bar crash pad.**
BOOTS:	**Motocross boots. Get steel tipped/plated or plastic type.**
GOGGLES:	**Zip-pull, disposable lens or clear pull-off lenses are ideal. Avoid heavy tints.**
HELMET:	**Full-face type (AGV, MDS or similar).**
KNEES:	**Knee/shin pads (polycarbonate) to fit into pants.**
LEGS:	**Leathers are preferable. Colorful, practical styles available. Lower body overheating not a problem. Nylons (heavily padded on hips) are an alternative.**
LOWER TORSO:	**Kidney belt.**
SHIRT:	**Flow-through motocross, O'Neal type.**
TORSO:	**Body armor, covering chest, back, shoulders and collar bones.**

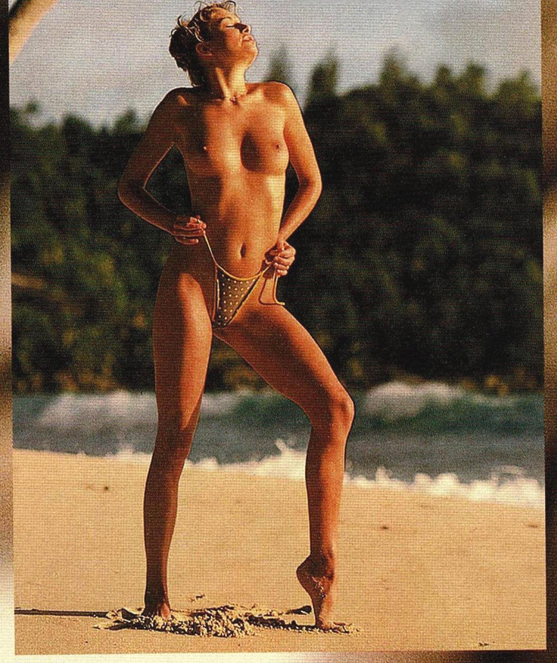
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MUSCROFT

ISLAND FLING

Lithe and lovely Keran Thornton says that life's a beach.

What better way to shed the winter blues than by feasting your eyes on delectable Keran Thornton. She was absolutely delighted to be transplanted to a tropical island for her pictorial shoot. "I love the beach," says Keran. "In fact I enjoy all watersports. I've been snorkelling since I was a toddler and just recently I've taken up scuba diving, which is a real buzz." Keran works as an aerobics instructor and is vitally interested in body fitness. "Just look what regular exercise can do!" she laughs. We're looking, Keran, we're looking.





Keran's ambition is to run a holiday resort on a palm-fringed island, perhaps somewhere around the Great Barrier Reef. "I like dealing with all sorts of people," she says, "and it would be great to live and work somewhere that's hot and sunny all year round. I keep buying lottery tickets hoping that this dream may just become a reality!" Meanwhile Keran teaches several exercise classes a day and admits that it can be exhausting. "It really keeps me on my toes," she says. "Sometimes I have up to 60 people in the classes and it's all go, go, go."

Keran admits she likes to flirt and says she's never had a serious boyfriend. "I'm pretty choosy when it comes to men," she says. "I have to like someone a lot before I'll even go out with them. I wouldn't bother going to dinner with a man unless I was absolutely sure we would click and have a fabulous time. I'm looking for someone who's kind and considerate and who shares my love of the beach. I'd hate to be stuck with a man whose idea of a good time would be to stay indoors, just reading or listening to music. I'm much too active for that."

MASTERMIND

(continued from page 52)

Masters managed to convey the clear feeling that his boys should be ready to die for their club.

Furthermore, he had made it a regular practice to consult with Wayne Bennett and Peter McWhirter, two leading coaches in the Brisbane Rugby League, about tactics. This was something he could never do with his opponents in the Sydney League. In fact, so driven was Masters by the will to win that he rarely talked to the other coaches at all.

On Wednesday Masters tried to forget about football and get on with life. This was difficult because his other job was to write rugby league columns for Sydney's *Sun* newspaper. Still, the effort to be objective about his and other teams' performances distanced him from his coaching concerns, and as the day progressed he loosened up. At lunch time he sank a few beers with the journalists, an indulgence he enjoyed. Although he had come to journalism late and was still a halting chronicler behind the video terminal, printer's ink ran intermittently through his veins. His brother Chris was a journalist who had gone into television and was now with the ABC *Four Corners* program. His mother was the novelist and short story writer Olga Masters.

Masters slept like a baby on Wednesday night and on Thursday morning devoted himself to sorting out administrative problems at the club. In the afternoon he worked on strategies again, and when his players arrived for training just before dark he had a game plan mapped out. Before they took to the field Masters talked tactics. This was not the emotional plea the Wests players might have heard. Masters was no less emotional about the outcome of every game but his training lectures had abandoned tub thumping in favor of clinical dissection. The coach spared no egos. If a player was failing to do his job it was pointed out to the whole team, but Masters had developed a certain bedside manner for doctoring his squad. Although the veterans Craig Young and Pat Jarvis were the mainstays of the team, the balance was made up of the young and sparingly tried, and Masters was always aware that their best football had to be coaxed from them.

On Saturday morning the squad met at Kogarah for a light run-through and another tactics discussion. The powerful winger Denis Kinchela failed to show and Masters immediately dropped him, substituting Steve "Slippery" Morris. This was one of the few disciplinary measures Masters had to take all season, but there was never any doubt he would take it, even for such an important match.

The Saturday night ritual for the Masters family involved take-away food in front of the television and an early night. On Sunday morning the coach rose early, made himself a light breakfast and tried to relax over the papers. The match previews always made interesting reading and this morning both papers had St George winning by a healthy margin.

Mid-morning the coach drove to Jubilee Oval and watched the Under 23s steamroll home. The reserves had it tougher but by half-time they looked certain to win too. It was turning out a beautiful afternoon and the ground was filling fast. Red and white bunting abounded, but to the left of the grandstand there was a sizeable contingent of Easts supporters whose vocal strength was even greater than its numbers.

Masters walked down to the Saints dressing room for the final meeting at two o'clock. He wore a checkered shirt, light grey trousers and a dark grey windbreaker: functional rather than smart. At this meeting there was a final run-through of tactics, adjustments made in the light of any last-minute changes in the Easts team and a discussion about the idiosyncrasies of the referee, whose identity was now known. There was no mention of the class struggle. But Masters nevertheless managed to convey the clear feeling that his boys should be ready to die for their club.

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At one minute to three the teams ran on to the field to either side of the Winfield hoop. The sponsor's idea was that the players should explode through the paper membrane, but many of them considered this dangerous and if the leaders ran around, the others tended to follow.

Masters ran up the grandstand stairs and slid into a chair in a cramped cubicle inside the press box. This was his home game possie, wedged between the game callers and the scribes. The cubicle smelled vaguely of liniment (perhaps it had clung to Roy's clothes from the dressing room) and there was barely enough room for the coach, statistician Peter Hancock and an old-fashioned wind-up phone. Hancock, a big man in a red pullover, spread two note pads in front of him. On one he would record the performance of each St George player and on the other he would count the tackles. Masters had no paper, no pens, but he kept his hand within inches of the phone which went directly to the bench.

The whistle blew and Easts ran the ball deep into the St George half. With not quite five minutes gone Saints conceded a penalty in front of their goal, putting Easts on the board with two points. Masters said: "Oh shit!" and hunched over the phone ready to pounce. Play continued in the St George half and before 10 minutes had gone Craig Young conceded another penalty. Again the kick was right in front and again Easts took two points.

Masters sighed loudly as the ball passed between the posts and reached for the phone. "When we get the ball, take it to them for six tackles," he said, as if talking to a child. "No fancy passes!" He slammed the phone down.

Almost immediately Saints got possession and took the ball into the other half. Centre Michael O'Connor took a penalty kick and brought the score up to 4-2 against. But Masters was far from happy. He grabbed the phone and reiterated his advice about using possession to make yardage, one of the basic tenets of the St George game.

Mick Beattie, the other centre, made a break deep in Easts territory and the first try of the game looked imminent. Beattie had Steve Linnane in support and only the fullback to beat, yet Beattie seemed to veer towards the defender and then lost possession with a bad pass. This had Masters almost out of his seat and wringing his hands. "Why don't you just run to the man?" he screamed at the window, the air thick with irony. Seconds later he was at Beattie again. "Come on, Mick, what're you trying to do? Tackle him or kill him?"

In the 20th minute, Easts beat a string of bad tackles and ran through to score the first try. Masters picked up the phone and seemed to steady his temper before speaking. Then he said, slowly and deliberately: "Take it to them with close support and deep passing. Close support and deep passing."

Easts failed to convert and Masters reached for the phone again. "What was the talk like?" he asked. This related to the brief moments when most of the St George players were within earshot of the trainer as they waited for Easts' kick in the behind-goal area. The idea was to sniff the general feeling. If it was pessimistic Masters would send out words of encouragement with drinks. Although Masters claimed he had little to do with his team once they took the field, it was clear that he knew every little thing that took place.

With half an hour gone and Easts still four points in front, the little winger Steve Morris eluded several tackles and made a long run. For the first time in the game the home crowd roared as Morris kicked over the defensive wall and raced for the ball in the in-goal area. But Easts took possession. Masters was unmoved. The play had been good and if they kept it up the points would come. He was proven correct a minute later when the big Tongan forward John Fifita pushed his way across the line to equalise. Masters clapped his hands, but he neither spoke nor smiled. It was too early to be confident, even when Saints had converted and taken the lead.

Easts' centre Ron Gibbs had apparently dislocated a shoulder during Fifita's push for the line. He was taken off on a stretcher and replaced by reserve grader Wilfred Williams. Williams, a player of considerable skill and experience, had played just half a game in the seconds in order to become eligible for a run with the firsts. Masters was not pleased to see him run on. "I'd rather have Gibbs out there," he muttered.

The clock wound down to half time. "Dangerous," Masters said under his breath as Easts passed the ball down the line and began a promising run. The ball was passed to Wilfred Williams who weaved past the defenders to score a brilliant try. Masters was to his feet and shaking his fist at the window.

"Oh come on!" he shouted. "Fuck me! I could see that coming. Wynny should have moved up the inside." He stormed out of the cubicle, knocking a chair over, and watched the replay on the television monitor. Easts converted to take the lead of four points at the hooter. Masters marched directly to the dressing room, trying to calm himself as he went. He hated to concede a try so close to the break and, worse, to lose the lead. It meant the team went off disconsolate and it could have a shattering effect on morale. Thus he had to choose his words carefully.

Masters shares a beer in the dressing-room with bruised and bloodied Saints players.

For the first few minutes of the 10-minute break Masters saw that any injuries were treated. Then he threw the medicos out and closed the door. His temper had subsided and he was able to air his views dispassionately. ("If I'd called them cunts in there they might have given up completely," he would explain later.)

When the game resumed St George conceded a penalty almost immediately and Easts were able to grab another two points from it. Masters sighed mightily. After a series of sloppy passes he jumped out of his chair again. "That's exactly what I told them not to do," he shouted. But he calmed down again as Fifita set up a try in the corner. Michael O'Connor failed to convert but Saints were within two points.

O'Connor was again the subject of Masters' attention a minute later when under pressure he made a forward pass. "That's what's costing us," he yelled. "We're pushing it too hard." The coach slammed his fist into the laminex bench top, causing the reporters in adjoining booths to grin knowingly. For 80 minutes a week Roy Masters was unapproachable, and if his team lost, you could write off another 80 before you got anything but abuse.

A few minutes later Wilfred Williams made another dazzling run for Easts to set up a try. Masters stormed out to the TV monitor and came back cursing the replacement. "This Williams comes on as a replacement and he's the star!" Easts converted to lead 22-14. Masters could see the game slipping away. "Shows how luck can desert you," he said, picking up the phone. "Tell Albert (Craig Young) he's gotta run more. Tell Billy (Noke) I'm gonna replace him if he sacrifices possession again." The coach slammed the phone down.

Big John Fifita, who had played so well, allowed an Easts player to run straight through him. Masters went for the phone again but waited for the play to finish before he spoke. "Johnny Fifita's tired. Tell him I'm gonna replace him. Wynny knows the signal."

Masters had less than half an hour to pull this out of the fire. His brain was ticking away. There was no time for a change of tactics now. He wanted two tries and he wanted them quickly. Fullback Glenn Burgess obliged before any of the replacements had been made, and O'Connor converted. It was 22-20 and there was a real sense of urgency about Masters now. He rocked back and forth in his chair. The phone rang. "Okay, okay. Tell Wynn he's off, Funnell's on."

This was the first of the forward replacements, but Masters had a bigger shake-up in mind. Another man had joined him in the cubicle. This was second grade coach John Bailey. "What about putting the hooker on?" Masters asked.

"Worth a try," Bailey replied. Masters picked up the phone and ordered Ritchie off and Guider on. He then spoke directly to the replacement.

"Feed the first receiver for five minutes, then run yourself." He repeated the information and then hung up. With 20 minutes to go St George was given a penalty and O'Connor scored off a difficult kick. 22-22. The crowd of 11,500 had a thriller on its hands but Masters seemed unmoved. He kept plotting, the phone receiver in his hand constantly now. He called for another forward replacement, this time Graeme O'Grady for Fifita. The big man came off to a standing ovation in the grandstand.

There was so little time left. Masters bit into the back of his hand and wound up the phone. It was time for the desperation strategy. "Field goals," he said. "Get 'em or stop 'em!" He slumped in his chair momentarily and waited for his words to produce some magic effect. Saints lost possession. Masters screamed.

Five minutes to go. The coach picked up the phone again. "You mentioned that field goal, didn't you?" He put down the phone and picked it up again immediately. "How much time? Oh shit! Tell them field goal."

Easts took the ball downfield and kicked. And missed. Two minutes to go. Saints in possession. "It's gotta be a kick!" Masters screamed. Taking on the captain's role in a crisis, Craig Young kicked from a long way out. And missed. It was a good attempt. "On ya, Craig!" Masters yelled, but there was something in his voice that said too little too late.

"Don't!" he boomed as Easts made another run toward goal. He looked at his watch, picked up the phone and said, "Thirty seconds!" The hooter sounded as several players went down in a hard tackle. Masters stood up, shook his fist at the window and said: "Get up, whoever that player is!" The remark seemed to make no sense at all, but there was no time to question it. Masters had stormed out, cursing and shaking chairs.

•

"Getting a draw is a bit like kissing your sister," Masters said later on. "Still, my sisters aren't bad sticks." Indeed he had one point and a broken hoodoo to be thankful for. And, in a season marked by great matches, none provided better entertainment than this one. If the coach was less than well pleased, he was at least able to shake off the disappointment quickly. For Masters there was no other choice, because in three hours time he would have to start working on the next game.

Find out how you score by pitting your libido against a cocky PLAYBOY quiz.

HOW MACHO ARE YOU?

ARE YOU the sort of man who farts in bed and then pushes her head under the covers? Are you the kind of bloke who lets one out in a crowded elevator just so everyone can

Humor by SUSAN KUROSAWA *and* GRAHAM BARRY *with* LEE CASS

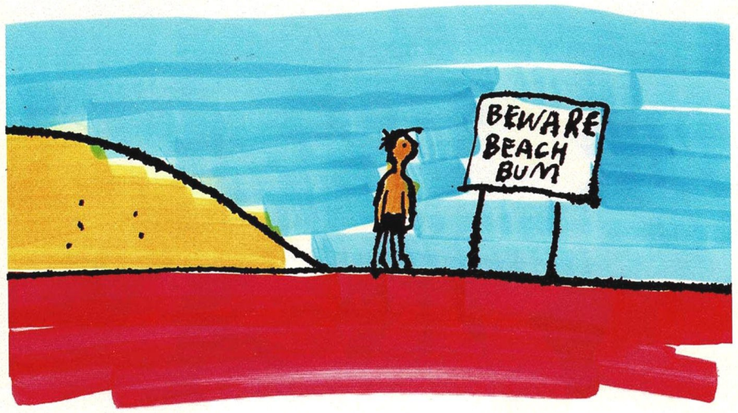
ILLUSTRATION BY GEOFF KELLY

enjoy the effect? Or are you the type who excuses himself for passing wind even if you're the only person in the park?

Do you refuse to "do it" on the first date in case she thinks you're cheap and easy? Do you make her lie on the wet spot or do you gallantly lunge for the tissues afterwards?

Are you a real macho man, a bulldozer of a bloke? Are you sick of this female-infested, designer-dominated, more-sensitive-than-thou world? D'ya reckon the time has come to turn back the clock to the good ol' days when men were men and women were sex objects? Does it give you the shits to be continually asked questions?

Okay, we've said enough. Just tick the answer of your choice to the following 20 queries and tally up your total score according to our chart on page 94. Your replies will reveal if you're a he-man hero, an awful wimp or just so damned cocky even your mates reckon you're a dickhead.



1. She is planning a late romantic supper. Do you:
(a) Turn up in fear and trepidation
(b) Arrive dressed only in plastic mac and gumboots
(c) Invite the rest of the footy team?

2. She tells you to find yourself a nice hobby. Do you:
(a) Collect coins
(b) Save Australian PLAYBOY magazines
(c) Start a collection of ladies' knickers?

3. She says she'd like to try a threesome. Do you:
(a) Invite your sister
(b) Get your best mate along
(c) Make an appointment for her with a shrink?

4. If she complains about your snoring, do you:
(a) Ask her to sit on your face
(b) Offer to sleep on the lounge
(c) Tell her to get stuffed?

5. She says she's sick of using the Pill. Do you:
(a) Use heavy-duty condoms
(b) Maintain sublime indifference
(c) Start going out with old ladies?

6. You're in a restaurant and you visit the men's room. All the urinals are taken so you use one of the toilets. You're a bit unsteady on your feet as you've put away a few beers and so you splash the seat a little. Do you:
(a) Piss on the seat some more going round and round in circles
(b) Immediately stop pissing and wipe the seat with your cravat
(c) Swear loudly and take better aim?

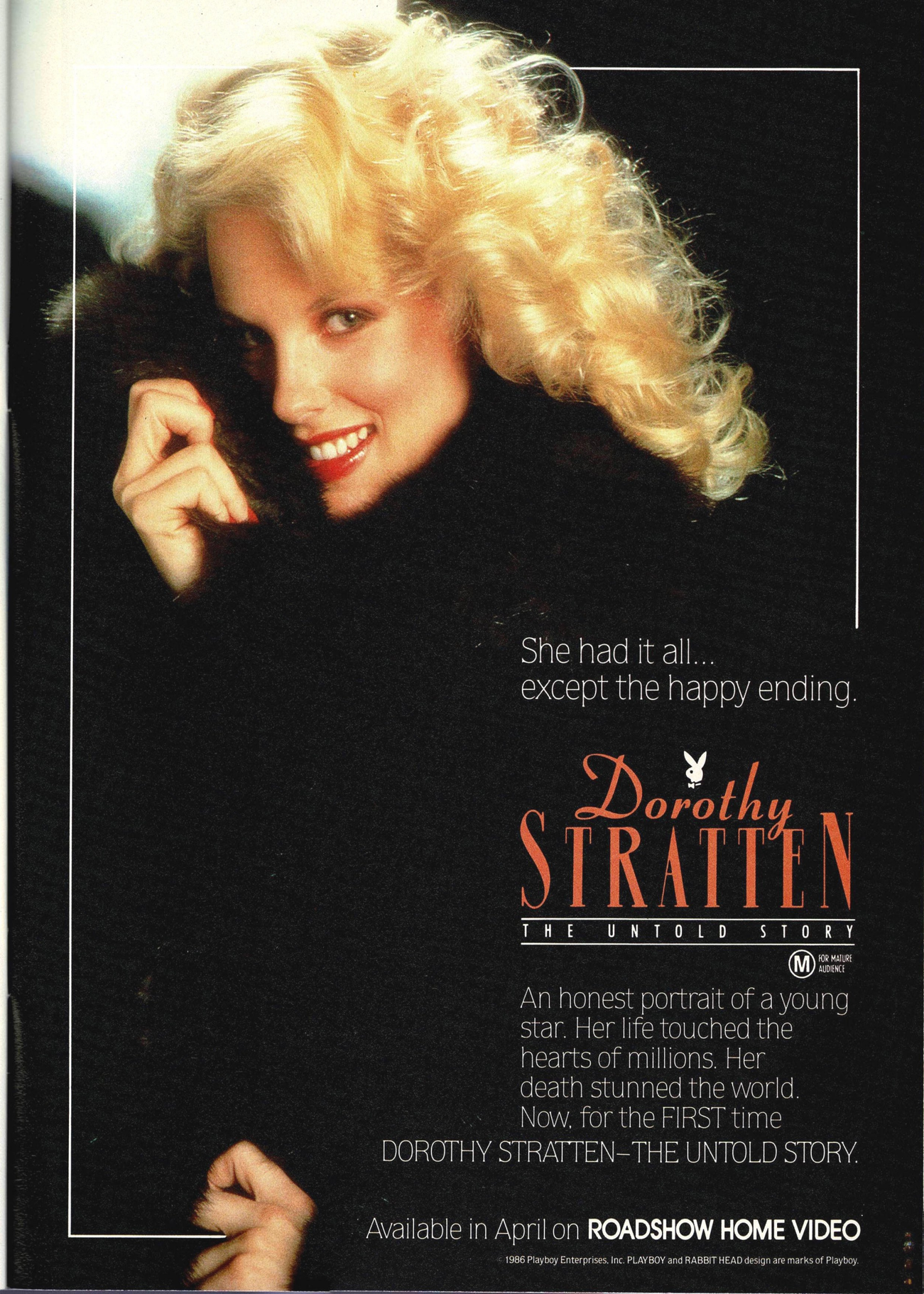
7. Then you realise you need to move your bowels. Do you:
(a) Sit down and wait for someone to flush a toilet before you let go just in case you're going to make an embarrassing noise
(b) Smoke a cigar, fart, shit and belch as loud as you can so everyone can enjoy the echo effect
(c) Get it over and done with as soon as possible so you can get back to the restaurant and put away another few tinnies?

8. Half-an-hour later you need to attend to nature's call again. This time there's a free position at the urinals. Do you:
(a) Stand back so everyone can admire your style
(b) Casually glance from side to side to see how the others measure up to you
(c) Pretend you only came in to wash your hands and wait for a vacant toilet?

9. You discover you've got herpes. Do you:
(a) Tell her it's all part of love's rich pattern
(b) Apologise profusely
(c) Expect an apology from her?

10. When it comes to the ideal night out, do you:
(a) Go and visit your family
(b) Go drinking with your mates
(c) Go drinking with your mates' wives?

11. She says she'd like a hot drink


She had it all...
except the happy ending.
Dorothy
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An honest portrait of a young star. Her life touched the hearts of millions. Her death stunned the world. Now, for the FIRST time
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before going to bed. Do you:
(a) Wrap a tea-cosy around your dick and ask if she'd like to be mother
(b) Put a teabag in a cup of warm milk for her
(c) Tell her she doesn't have to swallow unless she wants to?

12. You're taking her to bed for the first time. Do you:
(a) Start kissing her between her toes . . . her *big* toes!
(b) Climb on board, pound away for three minutes, climax and go to sleep
(c) Turn off the light, put on your pyjamas and pray?

13. You enter a gay bar by mistake. One of the customers asks you if you'd like a drink as he moves his hand along your thigh. Do you:
(a) Knee him in the groin and storm out
(b) Upend your drink in his lap and graciously accept a cognac
(c) Giggle uncomfortably as he nibbles your ear?

14. She says she'd like to try something kinky. Do you:
(a) Let her watch you making love to her best friend
(b) Let her watch you flex your muscle
(c) Let her remove your pyjama pants?

15. After a hard day's work you come home ready to relax. Do you:
(a) Swallow a valium
(b) Down a double scotch
(c) Go down on the next-door neighbor's daughter?

16. When it comes to making love do you:
(a) Do it whenever you bloody well feel like it
(b) Do it whenever you bloody well get a chance
(c) Do it on Saturday nights like everyone else?

17. When you notice you have semen stains on your trousers, do you:
(a) Tell her to take them to the cleaners
(b) Tell her she can drive the babysitter home next time
(c) Buy some stain-remover and hope she doesn't notice?

18. She announces she's got the PMTs. Do you:
(a) Go out and buy her some tampons
(b) Put on your battle fatigues and bring out the barbed wire
(c) Thank Christ you don't have to use condoms for a week?

19. She asks how long your erect penis is. Do you:
(a) Invite her to measure it
(b) Tell her it's so big it doesn't make any difference
(c) Pray she doesn't know the difference between inches and centimetres?

20. She says she's leaving you. Do you:
(a) Ring up your mum and ask for advice
(b) Ring up her sister and ask her to move in
(c) WHAT? No woman would ever leave me!

Tally up your total. Your sexual profile is determined by the dominant sign. For example if the symbol for Macho Man appears at the top of your answers list, check out what we say for that sign. If you have equal numbers of any two symbols, check out both profiles as you obviously have characteristics peculiar to each.

SCORING

1.	A	B	C
2.	A	B	C
3.	A	B	C
4.	A	B	C
5.	A	B	C
6.	A	B	C
7.	A	B	C
8.	A	B	C
9.	A	B	C
10.	A	B	C
11.	A	B	C
12.	A	B	C
13.	A	B	C
14.	A	B	C
15.	A	B	C
16.	A	B	C
17.	A	B	C
18.	A	B	C
19.	A	B	C
20.	A	B	C

MACHO MAN:

Well, aren't you cock-of-the-walk? You're big, butch, brave and bronzed. No wonder women are mad for you. You hurl around in a four-wheel drive, roll yer own fags, sink schooners in a single gulp, and don't take no shit from no one. Feminists wet their overalls when they see you coming. Only trouble is that when it comes to sex, you'd rather settle for boozing, bragging and watching footy replays with yer mates. Our advice: Surely you can do something with your dick besides admiring it in the mirror.

SEXUAL ANIMAL:

You devil you! Can't get enough of it, can you? You're profoundly generous and altruistic — you root 'em all. Nothing's too crazy or perverted for you to try. Your friends lock up their wives, sisters, daughters and small animals when they see you coming. Even your mother-in-law bars the bedroom door when she comes to stay. Only trouble is that you can't think of anything except sex. Our advice: There are other things in life, you realise. We'll make sure we let you know just as soon as we think of one.

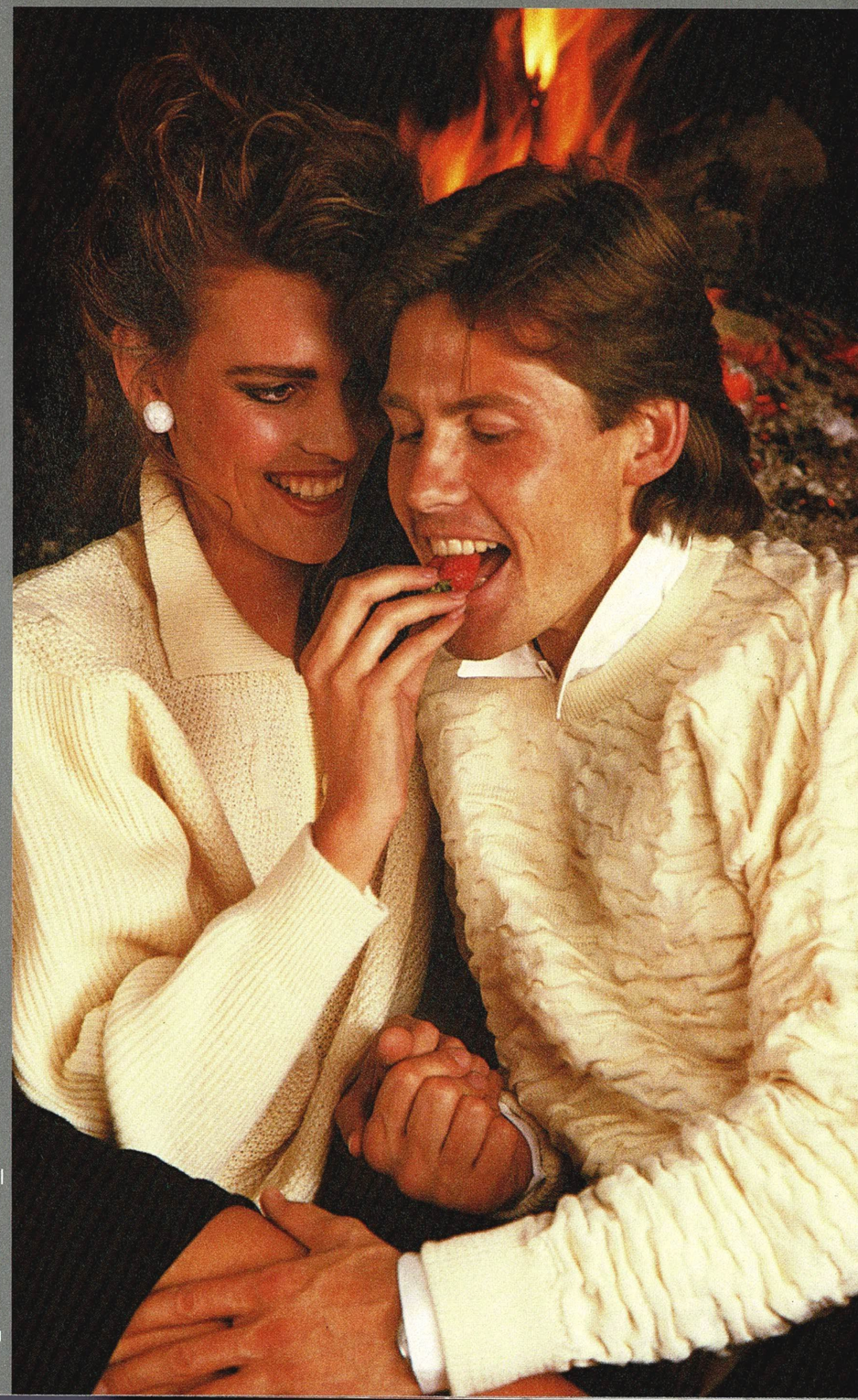
LIMP WIMP:

We're surprised she let you buy this magazine in the first place. You're the sort of sensitive, caring person every woman wants to confide in. You're the one who helps her choose new curtains, sympathises about her cellulite and agonises with her about all the male chauvinist bastards in the world. Where's all that getting you? Not into her pants, that's for sure. Our advice: Next time she calls around for a cup of herbal tea, take it out of your pants in a friendly fashion and tell her it's about time she helped you with your problems.

Knit picking

Choose a swag of warm winter woollens from our collection of the season's best.

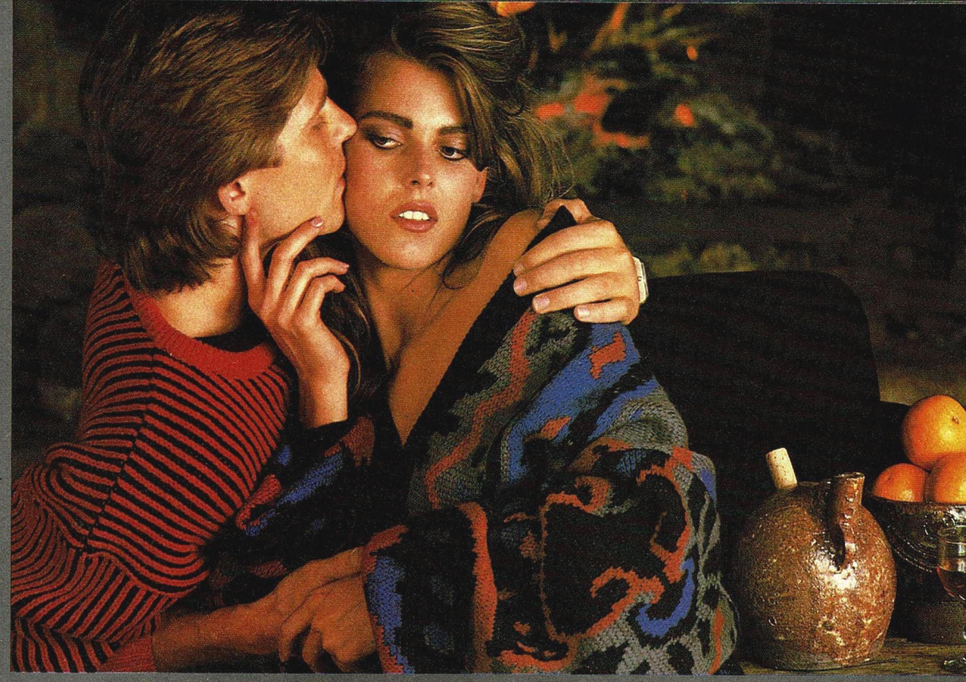
Fashion by Vitek



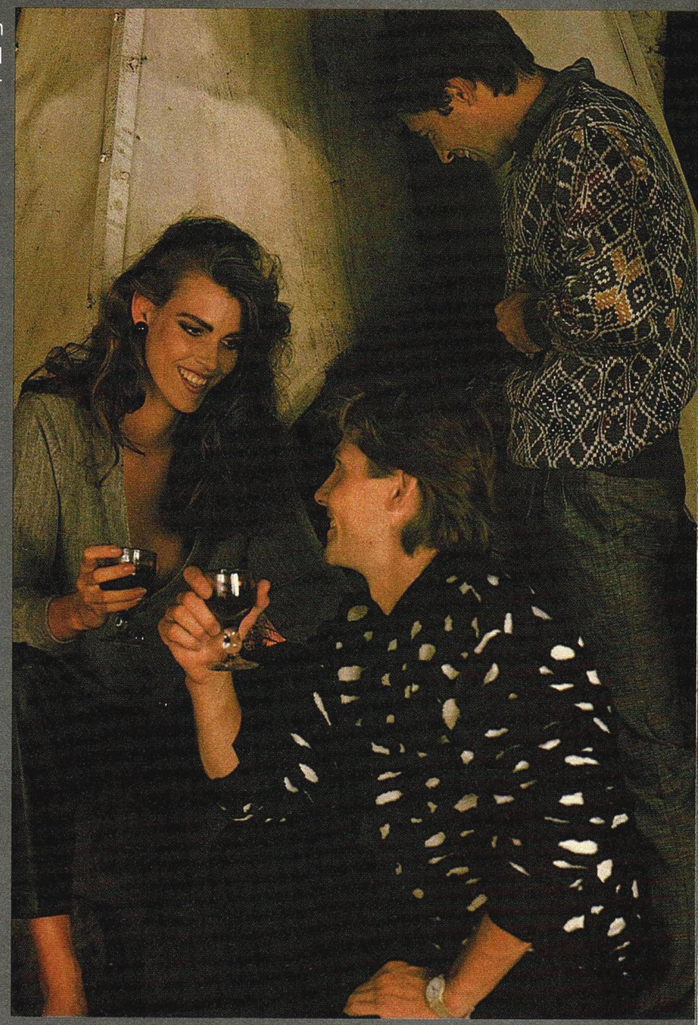
She feels warm and wonderful in two-button pullover with a small stand-up collar by Daniel Hechter ($85). He wears a ripple-textured pullover from Limnos ($109). Daniel Hechter label at David Jones; Limnos clothes from David Jones, Tony Barlow, Bugatti (Sydney) and Opal (Melbourne).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS LEMECH

On the left, he wears a round-neck sweater by Cuggi ($150); she lounges in a heavy-knit with round neck by George Gross ($178), while the guy on the right looks on in a round-neck sweater with a loose knit overlay by Cuggi ($180). Cuggi clothes from Cuggi shops in Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane, Grace Bros and David Jones, and George Gross garments from David Jones and selected menswear specialists around Australia.



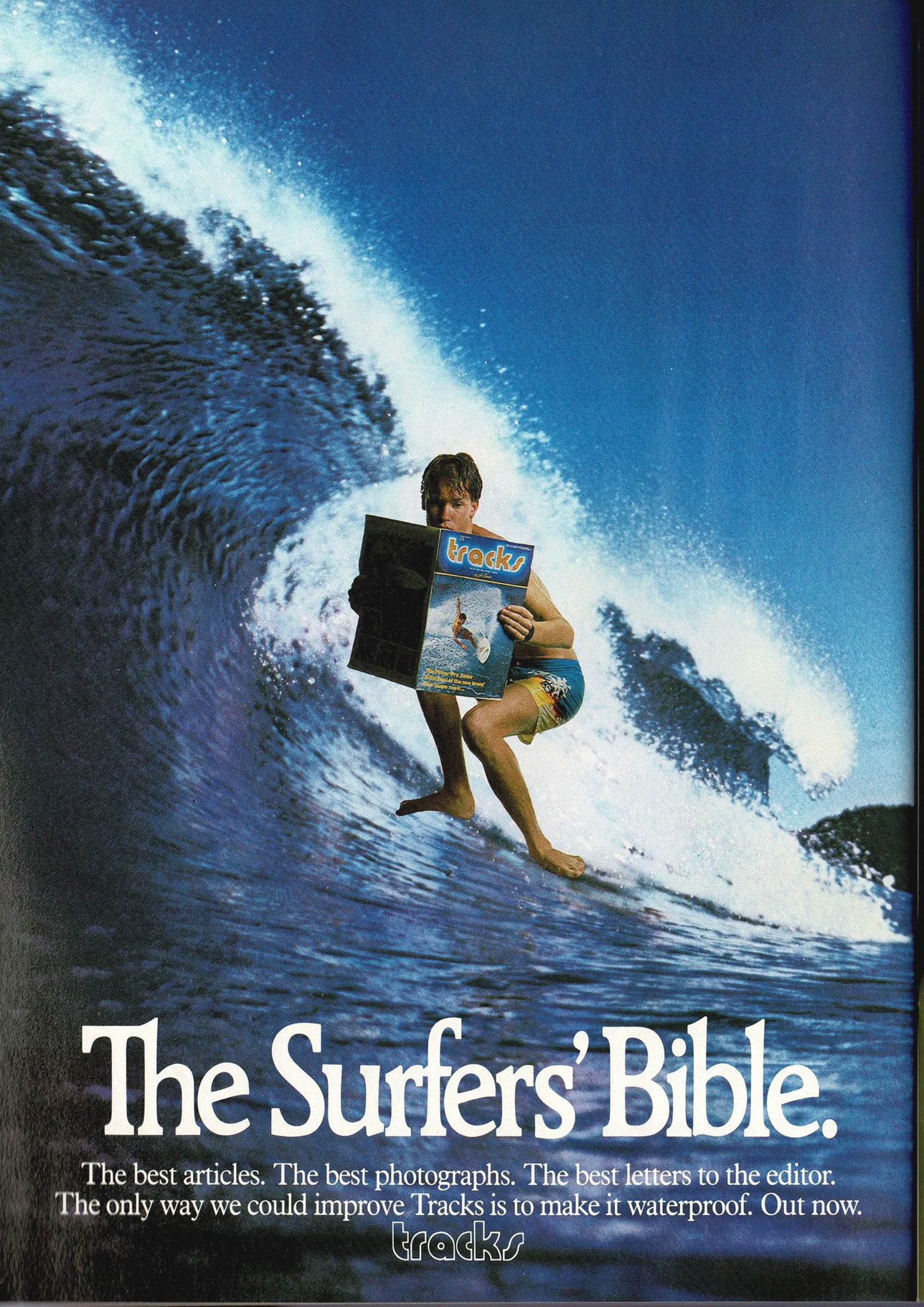
He's hot to trot in a black and red ribbed pullover by Sold Out ($70). She's soft and cuddly in a richly textured cardigan from Najee ($250). Sold Out garments from David Jones and Just Jeans; Najee sold at Najee stores throughout Australia.



For her, a light grey cardigan by Limnos ($64) teamed with elegant black leather pants by George Gross ($440); for him (centre) a heavy-duty double-layered sweater in bold black and white from Cuggi ($220) and for the guy in the corner, a round-neck sweater by Daniel Hechter ($85).

For him, a co-ordinated look from George Gross. Grey and black cardigan jacket ($238) over a V-necked sweater ($178) and both featuring leather inserts and patches, teamed with black leather pants ($440). For her, a striking black and white printed jumper by Pierre Charbonier ($119). George Gross garments from David Jones and Pauls Menswear (NSW), Harry's Menswear (ACT), Zenzie (Vic), Borghetto City (SA) and Commodore (Qld). The Pierre Charbonier label is at department stores and better menswear shops.

On the left, he wears a checked green knit by Daniel Hechter ($85); she snuggles into a round-neck black and gold sweater by Najee ($220) and (right) he is dressed in a cardigan by Limnos featuring an unusual rippled texture ($170). Daniel Hechter garments from David Jones; Najee clothing available at all Najee stores, and the Limnos label from David Jones, Tony Barlow, Bugatti (Sydney) and Opal (Melbourne).



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ANDERSON (continued from page 34)

You can have all the excess and frivolity you want in life if you take care of business first.

it's never really made it huge. Does the level of success you've attained satisfy you?

ANDERSON: No, I would have liked things to be a bit different. But I'm able to understand what's happened because the band has been a lot bigger overseas than it ever was here, and in a far shorter time. There are a lot of reasons why the band has never made it on a level like, say, Australian Crawl here, and most of them are petty.

PLAYBOY: You were banned from *Countdown* once, weren't you?

ANDERSON: Yeah, I kissed Mick Cocks. Then the *Truth* newspaper, God bless 'em, got the real story and informed the public that there were several homosexuals in the band. [*Laughing*]

PLAYBOY: Surely being homosexual doesn't get you banned from *Countdown*?

ANDERSON: [*Laughing*] It did us, and we weren't!

PLAYBOY: Now you're the only original member left, do you see a long-term future for yourself in Rose Tattoo?

ANDERSON: Well, I could have left and gone solo years ago. The first thing the Americans said to us was the band's not gonna work, the singer will. At that stage the band was falling apart anyway, after our European tour, and the Americans were quick to pick up on that. One thing we still have to learn from the Americans is TCB — taking care of business. You can have all the excesses and all the frivolity you want in your life, if you take care of business first. I've had solo ambitions for years but I've never really taken up on them. Now that we're working for Mushroom Records I probably will. The next single out may be an Angry Anderson.

PLAYBOY: What about movies? More parts coming up?

ANDERSON: I hope so. I love the movies. I love them so much that I think Bill Collins is a really worthwhile contributor to Australian television, that's how out of it I am.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of television, that's the only place we've seen your first movie, *Bullamakanka*. Was that more fun to make than it was to watch?

ANDERSON: Yes. I played an ASIO type, a bodyguard for a senator. He was so tall I barely covered the bottom half of his body. It was a bit ludicrous. There was some good slapstick and it was a bit sad that what we thought was going down on film didn't come across in the movie. Someone was a bit too hip and pulled all the slapstick out.

PLAYBOY: Considering that you weren't given much of an opportunity to display your acting talents in that film, why did George Miller cast you in *Beyond Thunderdome*?

ANDERSON: Well, we'd approached them for a part in *Mad Max II* and George had explained that there was no part for me and that I couldn't really act anyway. The continuity lady had worked on *Bullamakanka*, and she said, "Hang on, don't be a mug, give the bloke a go." So when they were casting for *Thunderdome* I went along and looked at a few parts and Ironbar Bassey emerged as the character for me. The role changed and grew from a six-week job to a four-month thing. I don't think you can say any one experience is the most rewarding until your life's over, but this will definitely be up there on the list. It was amazing to work with those people; the cinematographer, both Georges, Miller and Ogilvie, Mel Gibson taught me a lot about acting and I had a very warm relationship with Tina Turner.

PLAYBOY: Do you now see an acting future for yourself?

ANDERSON: It's limited because of my size and shape and appearance, but I'd love to do more films. They'd have to be the right kind, *Apocalypse Now* type of things or comedies. Actually I'd like to try to put together a screenplay for a totally brutal Rambo type thing about terrorism. The time is right to make a movie about terrorism. You can't sensationalise it any more than the media already have.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us to the last hat that you wear, as a member of the Fourth Estate on Ray Martin's *Midday Show*. How did you fall into the role of commentator and interviewer on youth affairs?

ANDERSON: Ray rang my manager, Robbie Williams, while I was out in the desert making *Thunderdome*, and told him he was putting a new format together for the *Midday Show* and they wanted me. I'd always been a fan of Ray's when he was on *Sixty Minutes* — I like the whole show, though I'm not too keen on Jana Wendt, not since I saw her interview Mick Jagger. So when Robbie rang and told me they'd offered me a job, I told him to snap it up.

There were a lot of negotiations but it worked out because I told Ray that I'd go to work for him, not the channel or anyone else. I told him I was very critical of Australian television and he agreed with most of my criticisms. So I went to work and it's been great. Basically I can do what I like. The only interview they couldn't get me and I badly wanted was Neville Wran.

PLAYBOY: What do you want to ask Neville Wran?

ANDERSON: I want to ask him what the hell he's doing. I'd like to talk to Bob Hawke too. I think he's great — we've never had a prime minister who's so approachable. But there are certain things his government is fucking up and I'd be compelled to tell him so. I'd like to talk to a lot of people. There's a whole lot of stuff going on in this country that has to be answered for.

"I don't trust him. He never looked me straight in the eye."

HEAT WAVE

Gorgeous Teri Weigel is making temperatures soar.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND DAVID MECEY

Teri Weigel is hot. She's fast establishing herself as a top-line fashion model and her agent has even arranged walk-on parts for her in such blockbuster TV series as Miami Vice. "It was always my childhood fantasy to be a star," says Teri. "And I love to move around. I won a trip to Japan when I was 17. Once you have a taste for travel, you can't stand still! I've worked in Paris, Italy, Japan and the States. At first I was told I was too short to model. I've sure proved that wrong!"

"I feel as if my life is in a continual overhaul. It's early to bed, early to rise. I try to keep myself at a level where I'm physically fit and feeling good all the time," Teri explains. "Although I have a career I feel most like a woman when I'm at home. You should see the clothes I wear when I do the housework! Believe it or not, cleaning can be sexy." Teri admits she thrives most on a hot climate. "Heat is very seductive. You can wear nothing or next to nothing."

STALLONE (continued from page 48)

While the US was losing the Vietnam War, Stallone was making a soft-core flick.

the war to give it a happy ending. In doing this, he raised false hopes among tormented families of men who were listed as missing in action, hopes that are destined to be crushed by real life.

Stallone himself escaped military service, although he was eligible for the draft during the bloodiest years of the Vietnam war. (Springsteen did not serve, either. He was judged unfit because of brain concussion caused by a motor-cycle accident. But the issue here is not the courage to serve; it is the hypocrisy of not serving but promoting wars for others to fight.) Like John Wayne, Stallone became a celluloid hero with the help of stuntmen and special effects experts. The undisputed facts are these: Stallone was a girls' athletic coach at an elite private school in Switzerland from 1964 to 1966. From 1967 to 1969 he was an acting student in the drama department of the University of Miami. While the US was losing the Vietnam war during the early '70s, when the feelings of failure and frustration were being born, Stallone was making the soft-core flick, *A Party At Kitty And Stud's*.

In *Village Voice* magazine, Pete Hamill published a favorable profile of Stallone. The piece contained several revealing quotes from "America's Hero" about his ethics and lifestyle during the years 58,000 of his countrymen were dying in Vietnam. Of his tenure as an acting student, Stallone said: "I learned it is actually possible to function without brain waves for two years."

Of his tour of duty at the privileged girls' school in Switzerland, Stallone confided: "I didn't want to ski. I just wanted to get loaded and play pinball machines. Essentially, I was the imported American sheep dog for these little lambs, these girls. . ."

Another American politician, Congressman Andrew Jacobs of Indiana, was wounded as a marine during the Korean War. When I asked him for his thoughts on Stallone, he meditated for a moment and said: "The issue is hypocrisy, nothing else. I doubt if there are 20 of us in Congress who have ever faced a man with a rifle who was actually shooting to kill. Few here even have the slightest notion of the bone-chilling terror of war. Stallone reminds me of something the '20s columnist Ken Hubbard wrote: 'There is too much said about the glory of dying for your country by those who never tried it.' There are some people in the Congress I call 'war wimps' because they promote war but never served themselves. Stallone is like them. He wants to be a hero on someone else's time and blood."

Nationalism, as defined by Orwell, is an intoxicating but essentially negative emotion, because it is, by its very nature, intolerant. It does not respect the rights of minorities or the dignity of neighbors. It is a will to power that negates complexity. Its most extreme avatars are monstrous lunatics such as Khomeini, Gaddafi and Botha.

The milder form of nationalism, as represented by Stallone, is less harmful. Stallone doesn't have governmental power, and he doesn't push the issue; he usually retreats behind his movie role and tells most interviewers he is non-political. But the messages his images communicate to masses of impressionable young people do sometimes have damaging consequences. For example, the week *Rambo* opened in Boston, Massachusetts, there were two incidents in which South-East Asian refugees were badly beaten up by gangs of white youths. *Rambo* has enough negative stereotypes of Asians to inspire retributive rage in some macho teenagers feeling all pumped up after seeing the movie.

In the more recent *Rocky IV* (which Stallone wrote, directed and starred in) the villainous foe is a Russian who fights dirty, takes illegal steroid injections and wears a black mouthpiece. Cleverly named Ivan Drago, he is depicted as a robot-like extension of the Evil Empire. Critics have written that it is the most simplistic and one-dimensional of all the *Rocky* movies. It lacks the interesting sub-plots and realistic blue-collar atmosphere of the original *Rocky*, with its loan shark and neighborhood gym; this time Stallone literally and figuratively wraps himself in the American flag, proving that sequels are the last refuge of nationalists.

The worst features of Stallone's nationalism are the values it enshrines and reinforces: racism, violence, militarism and — possibly most subversive of all — simplicity. The convergence of these emotions can make war and foreign intervention seem like a sporting event. Or a movie. And the most frightening thing is young Americans are feeding more and more on a diet of such fodder.

•

Bruce Springsteen's patriotism is rooted in a different set of values, apparent in his songs: the old-fashioned virtues of work, family, community, loyalty, dignity, perseverance and love of country. His fundamental theme is the gap between America's promise and performance and his resilient faith in the eventual redemption of that promise. He sees his country as it is, with all its jobless veterans, homeless people and urban ghettos. And he retains his idealism *in spite of everything*, because his patriotism has room for paradox. At a Springsteen concert on home turf, one song makes the crowd want to cheer, the next to cry, for America — and then change it.

Springsteen conveys compassion for the casualty, for the ordinary person who might not be articulate. His empathy is for men with "debts no honest man can pay". From his immense pride in "a particular place" came his song *My Hometown*, with its homage to closed textile mills and "Main Street's whitewashed windows and vacant stores". Out of his populist patriotism comes Springsteen's affection for people who feel "like a dog that's been beat too much" and his reconciling respect for his working-class father:

Daddy worked his whole life for nothing but the pain
Now he walks these empty rooms, looking for something to blame

These songs by Springsteen are social, not political. They don't offer platforms, slogans or rhetoric. They don't imply easy remedies and they don't endorse politicians. Springsteen says he has not voted since 1972, and he is enrolled in neither US political party.

But despite his stance of electoral alienation, Springsteen writes songs that make Americans want to be better citizens, if they borrow their sense of citizenship from the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount and the Bill of Rights. At 36, Springsteen also lives the values expressed in his songs. He has donated $US20,000 ($A29,000) to a soup kitchen and food bank in Pittsburgh run by the local steelworkers union. And he contributed $US15,000 ($A21,500) to a health clinic giving free medical care to striking Phelps-Dodge mineworkers after the company cut off their health benefits. During 1985 Springsteen made donations of almost $US1,000,000 ($A1,450,000) during his world-wide *Born In The USA* tour to a variety of groups which included Vietnam veterans in Australia and striking miners in the UK. All of this while rejecting an offer of $US12,000,000 ($A17,000,000) from an auto company for the commercial right to use *Born In The USA* as a product theme song. The man has an instinctive purity.

Nor is his bonding with Vietnam veterans a calculated commercial alliance. In 1980, without any publicity, Springsteen began to donate funds to Vietnam Veterans of America, at a time when the vets were still shunned rejects from a war everyone wanted to forget. In 1981, he gave a benefit concert for the Vietnam Veterans of America Foundation that raised about $US100, 000 ($A145,000) and kept the organisation alive. That August night the stage was lined with vets in wheelchairs, and Springsteen talked to his audience more intimately than he had ever done before. And he sang unforgettable renditions of *Who'll Stop The Rain* and *Bye, Bye, Johnny* that had vets weeping and cheering at the same time.

"We would not exist if it were not for Bruce Springsteen," says Robert Muller, the president of Vietnam Veterans of America. "My hope is that, 10 years down the road, he'll run for president."

There are disturbing racial images in *Rambo* — and perhaps in the most recent *Rocky* sequels — but Springsteen's bands have always been integrated. And in an interview with Kurt Loder in *Rolling Stone*, Springsteen spoke with intelligent candor about his own racial attitudes: "I think it's *difficult*, because we were all brought up with sexist attitudes and racist attitudes. But hopefully, as you grow older, you get some sort of insight into that and — I know it's corny — try to treat other people the way you would want them to treat you. . .

"What unites people very often is their fear. What unites white people in some places is their fear of black people. What unites guys is maybe a denigrating attitude toward women — or sometimes maybe women have an attitude toward men. And these things are then in turn exploited by politicians, which turns into fear — knee-jerk fear of the Russians, or of whatever *ism* is out there. . ."

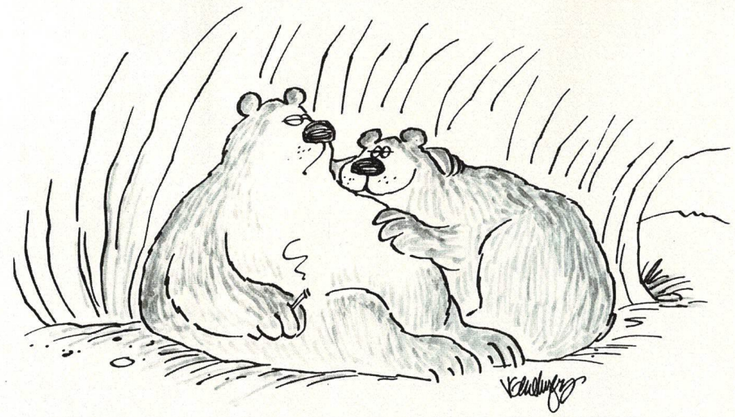
Springsteen and Stallone, two messiahs of mass culture, two muscular men, each tugging the American flag in different directions.

Sylvester Stallone, at bottom, is a faker, feeding the United States fantasies as therapy for its national neuroses after Vietnam and Iran. He is appealing to the dark side that exists in all of us, the part of us that wants to get even with everyone who has ever got the better of us, the part that finds it easier to understand a stereotype than an individual, the part that imagines avenging violence that never fails and never leaves an after-taste of guilt.

Bruce Springsteen appeals to the best in all of us. His songs ask us to forgive the sinner but to remember the sin; to respect each other but to question authority; to never compromise our ideals ("no retreat, no surrender"); to keep growing but to continue to love our parents and our hometowns; to feel a responsibility for sharing with those who have less property and less power.

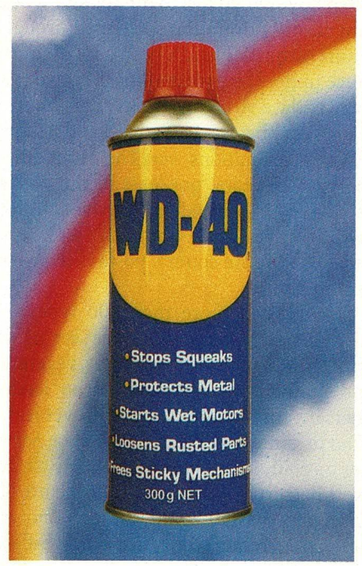
"I think what's happening now," Springsteen told one interviewer, "is the American people want to forget. There was Vietnam, there was Watergate, there was Iran — we were beaten, we were hustled, and then we were humiliated. And I think people got a need to feel good about the country they live in. But what's happening, I think, is that the need — which is a good thing — is gettin' manipulated and exploited. . .

"One of the things that was always on my mind was to maintain connections with the people I'd grown up with and the sense of community where I came from. That's why I stayed in New Jersey. The danger of fame is in *forgetting*. . ."



"And next time would you mind not humming 'On Top Of Old Smokey' through the whole thing."

What a difference a spray makes



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PASTABILITIES

Slavering over a hot prospect? Go for pasta!

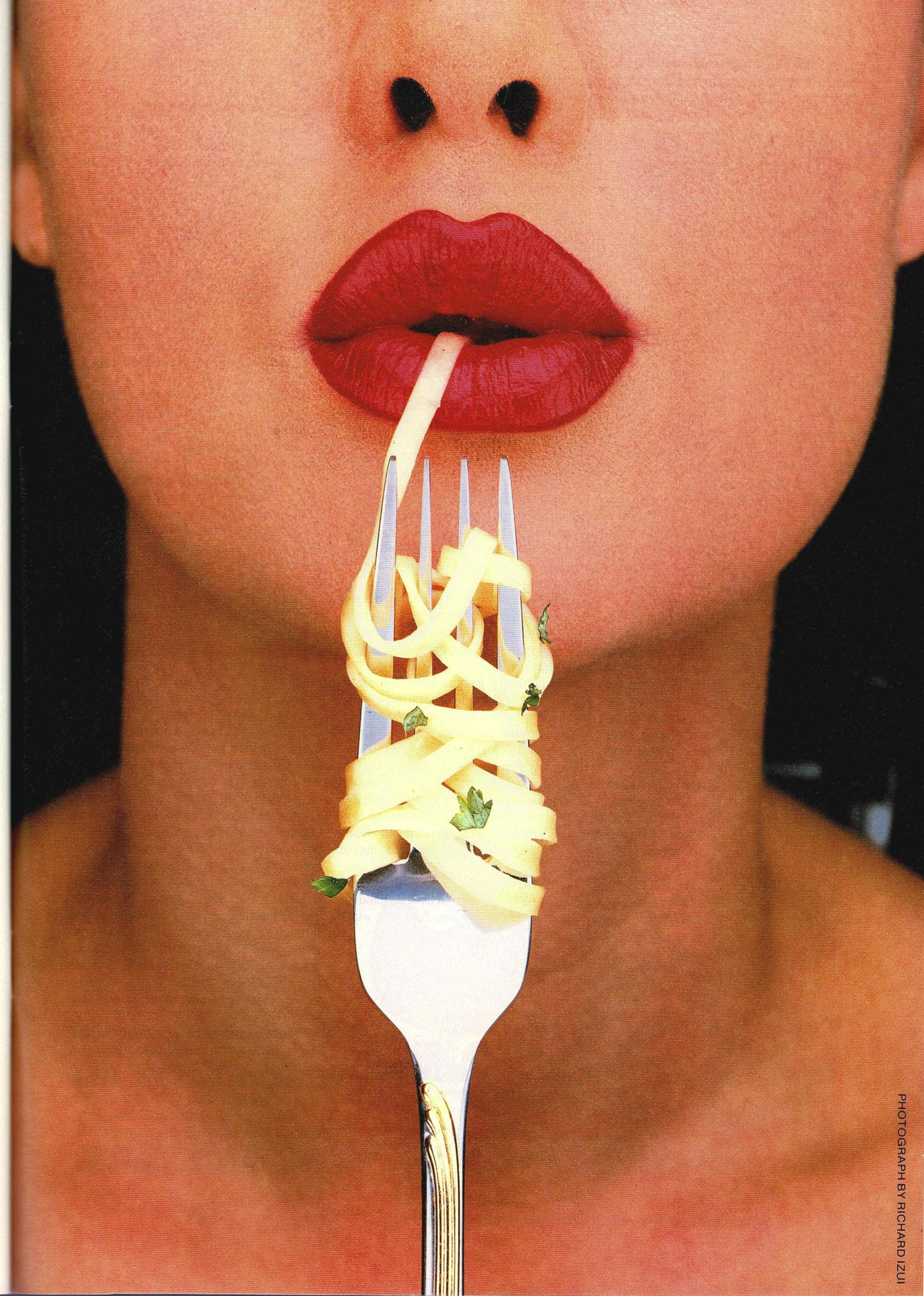
BACK IN 1960, a very young Jack Lemmon lusted after Shirley MacLaine in a semi-comedy called *The Apartment*. The movie's big laugh came when boy invited girl to dinner and we saw him adroitly drain the spaghetti through a tennis racquet. There's been a lot of tomato sauce under the gastronomical bridge since then, and we've learned that there is more to Italian cooking than meatballs and lasagna.

Social revolutions were the norm during the past 25 years, not least in the way we came to view what we eat. We want our food fast, light, healthy. . . but tasty and classy, too. On all those counts, pasta is the nearly perfect choice.

It comes in more than 300 types, has surprisingly few kilojoules per serving and marries well with scores of meat, vegetables and seafood. Marathoners carbo load it, chefs invent with it, foodies coo over it. In a time of dinner as theatre, it can be served hot or cold, as appetiser, salad, entree and even dessert. (Yes, we've even heard of a chocolate pasta.) And no *cordon bleu* diploma is required to turn out eye-filling platters for two or 20.

We're talking start to table in 45 minutes or less — no daylong simmering of sauces and plenty of time left for other evening activities. Pasta can take up to 30 minutes to cook, depending upon the type used and including bringing the water to the boil. And that's about all the time needed to prepare most sauces and accompaniments. Just do all the cleaning and chopping first.

It's easy enough to follow the directions on packaged varieties but it's important to remember that long or short pasta should always be served *al dente* (slightly firm to the taste, never soggy). Just fork out a



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD IZUI

strand and bite it to be certain. Always be sure to have the accompanying sauce ready to go as soon as the pasta is cooked, for the noodles will start to clump together if they're left standing around for too long.

It's incredibly easy to rustle up a pasta supper for two, particularly as specialty shops in most capital cities sell fresh and packaged pasta, and a selection of pre-prepared sauces. One of the most popular sauces is *pesto*, a pungent mix made from fresh basil, garlic, parmesan or romano cheese and *pignoli* (walnuts). *Pesto* enhances many chicken, veal and fish dishes and is especially tasty when tossed with pasta. Add a bottle of chalky frascati wine, hunks of crusty bread and a simple green salad and you have the makings of a true banquet.

Novice cooks should remember that any pasta dish will scrub up in ship-shape fashion if prepared with top-grade olives, unsalted butter, quality oils, freshly ground pepper and newly grated parmesan or romano cheese (rather than the commercially prepared, packaged variety).

Although many pasta specialty shops and top-of-the-line Italian restaurants do serve home-made pasta, there are plenty of excellent packaged types which are ideal in terms of convenience and price. Flavored noodles (spinach or capsicum, for example) are also proving very popular, particularly as bases for vegetarian dishes.

Twenty years ago in Australia, Chinese was the most sought-after cuisine. A decade ago, French underwent a revival of interest, climaxing in the heady days of the *cuisine nouvelle* takeover of the late 1970s. In the 1980s, it's Italian fare that has won the hearts of Australians. Check out the eating scene in all capital cities and most large towns and you'll discover a trattoria on almost every corner.

Even the grotty little cafeterias hinged on to the backs of crusty old pubs have been converted to bustling little eateries with checked cloths on the tables and the thick aromas of garlic, tomato and oregano in the kitchen.

This surge of interest in Italian food has been partnered by rocketing sales of Italian spirits and wine. Swift and Moore, the importers of many European spirits, claim that Campari is in great demand; wine distributors report that Cavalli Lambrusco, a semi-sweet, sparkling burgundy-style wine, is proving immensely popular with young drinkers.

Dry whites such as corvo bianco, verdicchio and frascati are available at most licensed Italian restaurants around Australia and they provide a delicious, crisp foil to robust Italian fare.

Spaghetti and lasagna have become as much a part of our culinary lexicon as steak and chips. In the accompanying chart we list some of the once unusual pasta variations which are now adorning Italian restaurant menus around Australia and, we suspect, causing a jot of confusion among diners who equate pasta just with tubular strands of spaghetti, flat ribbons of egg-based tagliatelle and fettucine, or meat-filled pockets of ravioli and stuffed rings of tortellini.

Pasta is, above all, a convenient and virtually foolproof item to have on hand for some culinary seduction. And you won't need to keep your tennis racquet by the stove. We hope.

PASTA PRIMER

There are hundreds of pasta shapes and the Italian names for these variations are completely logical. If it's a chunky cylindrical shape, then it looks like a quill or pen so that's exactly what you call it. We've noticed menus in Italian restaurants are becoming far more adventurous with pasta possibilities, and supermarkets are devoting entire shelves to packaged types. Here are some of the short pasta shapes you may find on a blackboard menu next time you visit a trattoria:

amorini	**little cupids**
cannelloni	**big pipes**
cappelletti	**little hats**
conchiglione	**conch shells**
farfalle	**bows and butterflies**
fusilli	**pulled-out spirals**
penne	**quills**
stellette	**stars**
stivaletti	**little boots**
vermicelli	**little worms**

SIMPLE-AS-ANYTHING SAUCE

You don't need *cordon bleu* credentials for this one, a fool-proof recipe for a tangy tomato sauce that can be served over just about any variety of long or short, fresh or packaged pasta. If you omit the fresh herbs, you can add mushrooms, chopped black olives, diced salami or canned shrimps for extra taste.

INGREDIENTS

3 tablespoons olive oil
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 small white onion, finely chopped
1 bay leaf
2 tablespoons tomato paste
½ cup tomato puree (available in cans)
450g can tomatoes
3 tablespoons fresh herbs, finely chopped (say, parsley, oregano and basil)
Freshly ground black pepper
Salt to taste, if desired

METHOD

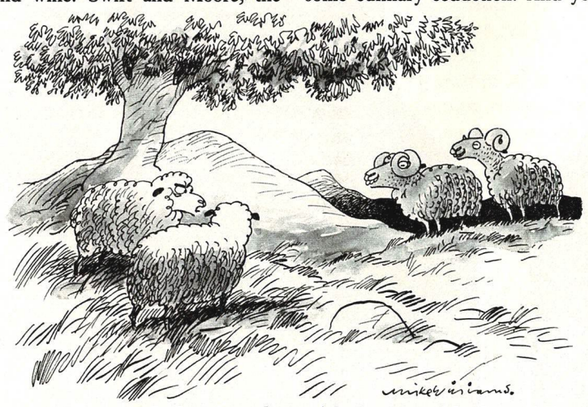
Heat oil in a frying pan (electric or stove-top), add onion and garlic and saute lightly. Add tomatoes, tomato paste and tomato puree. Season with pepper (and salt, if desired) and allow to simmer gently for about 30 minutes. Then add bay leaf and herbs and cook for further 10 minutes. This makes enough sauce for half a kilo of pasta, to be served as entrees for six or main courses for four.

PASTA

If serving this sauce with spaghetti or any ribbon-style noodle, you'll need a large saucepan with plenty of space for the strands to cook separately. The water should be boiling briskly when the spaghetti is added; never break the strands, hold a handful at one end and ease the other into the water until it softens and curls around the pan and all the strands are submerged. Stir the water from time to time to prevent the spaghetti sticking, and always leave the pot uncovered. Twelve minutes is the average cooking time for spaghetti, slightly less for ribbon styles such as tagliatelle or fettucine. For short pasta, follow the instructions on packets. Drain the noodles through a colander and then place in a warm serving bowl. Add part of the prepared sauce and using two forks lift noodles so the sauce coats the strands. When properly tossed, place remaining sauce on top and serve.

When eating any long pasta, use a fork and spoon. Turn the noodles in the sauce so the strands are well coated, then twirl the fork against the spoon until there's a neat coil ready to eat.

Freshly grated parmesan cheese, extra cracked black pepper, a tiny knob of butter and a sprinkle of fresh parsley are the finishing touches to a delicious dish of pasta.



"How come I always end up with the one with glasses?"

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FOR A RIDE (continued from page 38)

An attempt to dye Bold Personality the same color as Fine Cotton made the ring-in look like a hereford cow.

but all along, and without his knowledge, it was destined to be rung in.

A few days later the lads paid $1000 for a maiden improver called Foden, another six-year-old chestnut with a white blaze on his forehead and a withered ear that had been burned in a fire. It had little galloping talent and was mainly a hobby horse for its previous owner's daughters. In Dunn's words: ". . . real slow."

The plan was to drive both horses from Victoria to Broken Hill a few days before the St Patrick's Day meeting and stable them there, but when they stopped at a roadside garage outside Broken Hill, they were recognised by one of the bookies, Gordon Redfern, who had seen the Orange deal go down.

"You're the palookas who did Orange," Redfern shouted at them.

"No way," Woods said back to him. "That horse was owned by some mates. We had nothing to do with it."

Like the lads, Redfern was in town to work the races. Even with the threat of being recognised again, Dunn and Woods went ahead with the plan. They had also arranged a light plane to fly six others in on race day, though Dunn claimed later that, despite each of them receiving $500 just to go betting, the six visitors knew nothing of the intended substitution. They thought they were out in the mulga for a country race meet and a bit of friendly punting.

Foden was the entered horse and accordingly got into the track, but to get Nordica through the gates the lads phoned the course to find out the day's scratchings, then sneaked their prized runner through as one. Foden was inspected by the stewards a couple of hours before the race and, when everything was okay, all Dunn had to do in a far corner of the enclosure was saddle up Nordica with number 13 and everything would be sweet. Then he had a chat with the jockey, who knew nothing about the scheme and thought, in fact, that he was riding a horse of such miserable talent that it wouldn't have won with an extra leg. Dunn said to him, "Don't worry about his current form. Bounce him away, sit in the box seat about third or fourth, hold him up as long as you can, then sprint home. He's a completely different horse today!"

Meanwhile the rest of the blokes were in the ring betting, putting enough money on Foden to shorten its odds radically and possibly walk away with $70,000. Woods, however, was busily being scrutinised yet again by Gordon Redfern, who recognised much the same gameplan as had occurred in Orange a bit more than a year earlier. When the jockey rode "Foden" a treat to win, the bookie went down to the rails and shouted those couple of words that have probably rung loudly in both Dunn's and Woods's nightmares ever since.

"Ring-in. Ring-in."

The game, as they say in the classics, was up. The horse that won didn't match Foden's registration papers, all bets were suspended, and Dunn was carted off to the Broken Hill lock-up. He and Woods would later be found guilty of conspiring to conduct race ring-ins in both Broken Hill and Orange, with Woods going to jail and Dunn copping a non-custodial sentence. Veale was also found guilty for his part in the Orange affair.

It doesn't take much to work out where the rort went off the track. It was way back there when the bookmaker spotted Dunn and Woods outside Broken Hill. At that point they should have jumped in their car and turned that horse float around so fast not even Kingston Town on speed could have caught them. But there's something about a horse ring-in that turns men into desperados. Something about pulling off the ultimate crime in your own backyard that puts blinkers on even the most cautious players. Horse racing may be the sport of kings, but going for a ring-in is surely the sport of fools.

Some schemes show a surprising similarity in the way they've come unstuck. The Fine Cotton business went bust because it became too public and, like Foden at Broken Hill, its connections got too greedy on the day. When bookies and the public see an unknown horse dropping from, say, 33-1 to 6-4 on, no one believes it. Absolutely no one.

The trick, says Dunn, is not to punt on the course where the shenanigans are happening, but on the tote out of town. And tight security. And a lot of collateral. Probably a good forgery of a horse's registration papers. And the best possible plan to beat any charge of conspiracy. So much for the wisdom of hindsight.

The biggest risk of all in a sport such as ringing-in is the fact that the players are dealing with animals and, as every Hollywood movie director will tell you, you should never work with children or animals. An attempt to dye Bold Personality the same color as Fine Cotton, trainer Hayden Haitana was later to comment, made the unfortunate ring-in look suspiciously like a hereford cow. And an attempt to paint white socks on Bold Personality's hind legs so it would match the marking described in Fine Cotton's registration papers failed so badly the horse ran its race with bandages plastered around its shins to cover the mess.

Less visible, but even more crazy, was the St Pat's raceday substitution of Nordica for Foden. Though Nordica was a class horse, it had a crook back, and raced with an illegal 30ml dose of the pain-killer phenyl butazone in its blood. It's likely the horse would have been swabbed after its victory, found to be carrying the drug, and suspicions even further aroused, though the boys would have been long gone after collecting.

Dunn, however, remains confident that they would have got away with it, had it not been for the long-odds chance of the same bookie being there on both days. But then Dunn has seen every trick in the book and is pretty blase when it comes to sleight of hand in the horse-racing industry. For him the art of ringing-in is just the top-shelf item in a select range of racing shenanigans. As such it happens only rarely. Well, let's say, comes unstuck only rarely.

What you see as a punter is only a touch of what you might suspect if you lived and breathed the nags. And that's probably only a fraction of what really goes on in the artful dodging of the horse-racing. Authorities are quick to say that over the years they've cracked down on racing rorts, while some owners, trainers and jockeys have become equally sophisticated in their methods to beat the system.

Take drugs, for instance. The phenyl butazone that Broken Hill ring-in Nordica had in its blood is the most common of equine pain-killers and, like many of the anti-inflammatory and cortisone-related drugs, can affect race performance. With the right dose, a horse could go on and on oblivious to any pain: just the thing for a horse with a sore leg, you'd imagine.

On the other hand, it could race to the point of shattering its shins and chucking its jockey into the path of an oncoming field of gallopers. That's the kind of result racing authorities are trying to avoid by increasing their random blood testing and sending more portable testing units to local cup and TAB meetings.

Sounds like a bad deal all round. The legitimate use of such drugs is limited to six days before a race, so why bother trying to beat the odds when on-course analysts can detect their use with their eyes closed?

Why not try something a little more sophisticated? Forget caffeine, that's kids' stuff you used to get in horse tonics or by adding cocoa husks to a horse's feed. And amphetamines? Well, the blood testing and urine swabs will get you in the end.

Why not try the ultimate? Dabble in some narcotics: a bit of morphine or a more specific upper such as fentanyl. Sure, it's starting to sound more like late Saturday night in Kings Cross than the last turn at Royal Randwick, but at least heavy drugs don't leave our galloping friends smacked out and legless. In fact the reverse applies. Narcotics (and in surprisingly minute doses) have a stimulating effect in horses.

The Australian Jockey Club chief stipendiary steward, John Schreck, who's officiated since 1968 at racetracks in Tasmania, Melbourne and now in Sydney, considers the new narcotics that have appeared on Australian courses in the past two to three years as racing's biggest problem. As such, the AJC has employed some highly sophisticated methods to combat heavy drug use. Known as radio immune assay, it involves testing for antibody reaction after a race has been run.

But, as every trainer with a crooked eye knows, the most thorough testing is done on major metropolitan courses. During carnival time, for instance, at Randwick, every horse will be blood tested. What happens on country courses is considerably relaxed. Ripe for the picking. Sydney and Melbourne might have the biggest prizemoney and the toughest stewards, but the provincial cities are the scene for all manner of chicanery.

Western Australia has garnered a bit of a reputation over the years for being the centre of the battery business in Australian racing. High-tech miniature batteries are designed to be concealed in boots, the whip, the hand, even in the towel or blanket that goes under the saddle. They're rechargeable and carry similar voltage to an electric fence.

Greg Dunn was introduced to the batteries in the West and claims that rigging races through their use is common practice. "Any horse can be a victim of the harp," he says.

Used mainly in training and very seldom on race day, Dunn claims the boots are best because they've got an inch-thick heel where the batteries can be fitted. "All a jockey has to do is turn in his heels and the prongs touch the horse's belly," he adds.

"What happens is that, during training, horses get a rub down on the legs, belly and neck with Penetrene, a pungent liniment like Deep Heat. Then, when they get a smell of it, they usually turn up their lip in revulsion because the ointment's got a really strong smell. Give them a few jigs with a battery during the training run and they get very excited.

"On race day they get Penetrene on them again and they expect the worst. It's just like Pavlov's dogs. They're taken into the horse wash on race day and jigged in the neck with the harp, a hand-held battery, then given a jolt in the stomach. It really gets them going. The jockey's flat out holding them," Dunn says. "It makes them either run a lot better or a lot worse. Some will jump out and race real fierce. It can sure make a loser into a winner."

That, of course, is the kind of thing stewards like John Schreck have been trying to stop. Schreck claims batteries made an appearance a few years back but weren't received all that well in the eastern states. On the other hand, he says, there's no stopping anyone who's keen trying to pull a rort.

"If someone wants to," Schreck says, "he could probably wire up a horse's blanket and rig a race with a remote control from the stands."

No doubt the stewards would get the crook in the end. Meanwhile someone is winning a lot of money and a hell of a lot more are losing it. In fact, there are so many ways a horse can be worked to win and lose it's hardly worth the trouble asking their starting price.

"You wouldn't believe what goes on out there on the race track," Dunn says. "It all happens, but mostly with the battlers in the business and not the top horses and trainers. The scheming mainly affects the ones trying to scrape a living in the middle order of the racing game.

"A jockey can pull up a horse by travelling deep, keeping it hanging at the back of the field, or making it miss the start," he adds. "A trainer might tell him he doesn't want to win on that day and the jockey does what he's told to. The trainer probably wants to get a horse's weight down, or give it a couple of bad runs to get its odds up, but he knows he can win if he waits for a few starts."

The chicanery can get as basic as giving a horse a gut full of lucerne before a race or even taking its drinking water away a few days before a run. Then there's the jockey: he could get offered $5000 by a millionaire owner to pull up a horse; the hoops might even bribe each other, especially if one's got a deal going with someone doing a bit of punting.

Dunn claims it all goes on, but his final word on the matter says it all: "The worst thing about it all is that the stupid punters don't know about it."

But John Schreck knows. He's adamant about one thing: the horse-racing game is bigger than any individual player. A lot of blokes have tried too many times to dud the system and ended up in disgrace; prominent bookies right through to reserve-bench jockeys have all lost their livelihood because of it, Schreck claims. Dunn and Woods, for instance, were barred for life from every racecourse in the world for their part in the Nordica/Foden and Rack's Image/Tillant ring-ins.

Still, there's always someone willing to give the game a try, especially when there's so much free-flowing cash at a racetrack on a Saturday afternoon. And Australia has more racetracks than any other country in the world, while rating second only to the US in terms of annual prizemoney in the sport. Money, they say, keeps the horses going round. And the baddies in town.

Still fancy you can pick the form? Having a smart punt this weekend? Good luck, old son. You might just be the one who's taken for a ride.

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SEX

Bettina Arndt, Australia's leading sexologist, brings you the latest sex news and views.

My partner would like to take my testicles into her mouth but has been put off by the fact that they are rather thickly coated in coarse hair. I hesitate to shave them as the effect of shaving may increase the density of hair growth and, in any case, shaving one's testicles is hardly likely to enhance the prospect of enjoying an encounter!

I would hate to lose my pubic hair as I regard it as part of my manhood but this fuzz on my balls is getting in the way of our enjoyment. If I were to go ahead I wonder if it would be a suitable area on which to use a depilatory; if so, can you suggest a suitable type of cream or whatever, and, if not, can you suggest another solution?

—H.B., NSW

The skin on the scrotum is very sensitive and I would hesitate to recommend the use of depilatory creams. You may have a slight difficulty at present but it is nothing compared to the problems which could occur if you were to find your poor scrotum couldn't cope with the harsh chemicals used in such creams. (Perhaps other readers have experience in this area which could help you.)

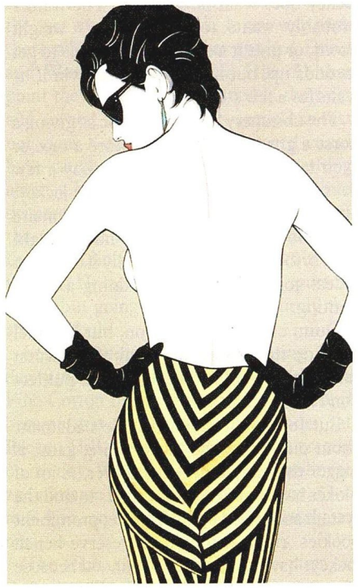
The old pubic-hair-in-the-teeth problem has plagued lovers for centuries and there are few real solutions — some women choose to keep the entire genital area free from hair to allow their partners to experience the pleasure of oral sex without encountering such obstacles. But I must say I have also received dozens of letters from women having difficulties with rashes, five o'clock shadows, itches, scratches and all the other hazards of regular shaving. (I'd be interested to hear from women who have found easy solutions to keeping the area smooth and hairless — there certainly are many people eager to try shaved pubes but unsure of how to avoid these potential pitfalls.)

But to get back to your scrotum. I can only suggest you shower before lovemaking and attempt to remove any loose hair by thorough washing. You could also try cutting the hairs short with scissors to reduce the thatch a little, but this may make for a rather spiky mouthful, so you'll have to experiment to see if it's an improvement.

Recently I bought a book on sex and saw a picture of the female genitals. Mine look sort of like that, except my inner lips are very noticeable and they hang down in a clump over my vagina. I was wondering if they are supposed to be like that. The problem has been worrying me for some time now, and so I plucked up courage to tell a friend of mine and she sympathetically showed me hers and it seems that she has not got the surplus skin to the inner lips like me; in fact, her inner lips are very small and hardly noticeable. She inferred to me that maybe each woman is different, as with each man. I know that men vary in the size of their genitals.

So please can you advise me what to do if I am abnormal? I am 18 years old and still a virgin and I feel so worried and self-conscious about myself that I am afraid to let any man touch my private parts, and this is becoming somewhat of a problem with my relationships. I do hope you will not think I am silly.

—N.L., Qld



You are right in thinking that just as the male genitals vary in size, color and shape, the female sexual anatomy also comes in an extraordinary range of configurations, all of which are perfectly normal. The trouble is that as females we very rarely have the chance of having a good look at another woman — you were lucky to have a female friend willing to let you compare notes but as you then discovered, there were significant differences between the two of you, particularly in the size of the labia minora (the inner lips). It is quite common for the inner lips to be swollen and hang down over the vagina. Sometimes they will be lopsided, with one considerably longer than the other and they really can reach quite considerable proportions. Recently I was talking to an older man who has had an amazing, varied sex life with many hundreds of partners throughout his long and extremely active sexual career. He was telling me about some of the variations he has noticed in the shape, color and size of the various parts of the female sexual anatomy. He mentioned one woman whose labia were, to quote him, the size of a cocker spaniel's ears — he once saw her lying in the bath and was astonished to see they floated above her genitals! So there you are — your own genitals are, I'm sure, very ordinary by comparison. But let me assure you that such variations are by no means unattractive. The gentleman in question was *most* taken by this woman's special secret, and I'm sure you will find that when you are in the right relationship, your lover will enjoy you just the way you are. If you wish to look at some of the common variations in female genitals, see if you can track down the book, *A New View Of A Woman's Body* (Touchstone, 1981). It has some very good color pictures of the normal range of anatomical variations.

LEARNING FROM THE MASTERS

It makes sense. If you want to learn the secrets of great tennis playing, you not only talk to the beginners' coach, you listen to champs such as Borg and McEnroe and hope to pick up a few hints on service or stroke techniques. In painting it's fine to learn about brush strokes but then you must study the masters, those talented few who raise an art form to something sublime.

What about sex? For years we have worked on beginners, gathering ideas to help those still at the sexual starting blocks to take a few paces forward. But now, finally, someone has decided to talk to the sexual masters, in this case women who are fully responsive, uninhibited, knowledgeable and utterly fulfilled. It's a great idea and the result is a fascinating book full of intriguing secrets about the art of sexual abandonment.

Ultimate Pleasure — The Secrets Of Easily Orgasmic Women (St Martins Press) has just been published in the United States. The authors, psychologist Marc Meshorer and his wife, Judith, a lawyer, talked to 60 women who described themselves as "easily orgasmic" — they reached orgasm *at least* 75 percent of the time and most were orgasmic 90 percent of the time. They came from a range of backgrounds, half were married, the rest either divorced or single, and their ages ranged from 21 to 59 (average 32.35).

Despite the fact they eventually learnt to become extremely responsive, it wasn't

always so easy. Only a small group of the women fully enjoyed their first sexual experiences — a mere 15 reported they were orgasmic within a week or so of first intercourse. The rest took a while to get their act together, often with the help of one particularly important sexual partner.

And what was it about this partner that helped their sexual awakening? The women listed four major qualities as essential for their developing sexuality:

(i) Showing tenderness, caring, affection, consideration and sensitivity: "Affection — men in touch with their female aspects make superb lovers," and "Gentleness and tenderness, conveying affection in a natural way."

(ii) Communicating: "A partner who takes time to learn what I like, and who talks with me — don't just leave me on my own, please," and "It's important to have a friendship before being lovers. I need open communication to arouse me, so I won't be embarrassed when I really let go."

(iii) Accepting her desires and preferences, being non-judgemental, making her feel comfortable: "My best partners relax me, accept me, and show they enjoy our lovemaking," and "I need him to not make me feel I'm kinky, to accept me — my creative and intellectual sides, my passion."

(iv) Promoting trust in *him*, making *her* feel secure: "Make me feel comfortable and important — I need to feel trust in my partner," and "I become more orgasmic when I trust a man."

But there's more to it than simply the right relationship. Firstly self-acceptance. Many women said they had had to learn to free themselves of taboos, and learn to accept normal bodily sensations:

"I never masturbated, and I didn't understand the sensations. It was two years after my first intercourse that I reached the first orgasm I ever had in my life — I actually saw colors, collapsed on him and cried because I was scared. After that I was always orgasmic; I became more aggressive, if you will, and made sure I got on top. I thought to myself, 'I am going to experience this more often, there is nothing wrong with it, it's wonderful. Anything this good, there's got to be a way of repeating.' I never feared them once I understood what they were."

"I needed about six months of intercourse with my husband before I knew what to expect and felt comfortable with my body. That I wasn't going to do something disgusting, like pee all over the place with that strong orgasmic response I have. Or worry about feeling embarrassed if I started screaming like a maniac. I would lose total control of my body, and didn't know what would happen."

The next step, according to the women, was to realise it was up to *them* to obtain their own orgasm — if not entirely, then equally with their partners:

"He can stimulate me all he wants and if I'm not in the mood, nothing is going to happen. Since the woman's orgasm is different, it's her responsibility to let go, to let her body be receptive to having an orgasm."

Sometimes it's a conscious decision to "go for orgasm":

"When I acknowledge to my brain that I'm going for orgasm I just take over and it's very easy."

But for some women it's just a case of letting it happen:

"Orgasm just happens, you can't strive for

it. And it's just no problem if it doesn't happen."

Letting go, trusting, and relinquishing control were very important aspects of learning to be easily orgasmic:

"Trust is a big factor. In other areas of my life, I'm a very controlled person. But in making love, in a way I work to lose control and just allow it to happen. At orgasm, it's pleasantly giving up control."

"You are surrendering your body to your partner at orgasm. It's the same way if a woman brings a man to orgasm, she has that power over him, and I'm sure the male feels the same way."

The Meshorers found those easily orgasmic women tended to "start on warm", preparing themselves mentally and physically for love-making by thinking about sex during the day, visualising, fantasising, reading books. Of the 60 women they studied, 56 reported at least sometimes they consciously prepared for sexual encounters, either physically (pampering their bodies, dressing up) or mentally (by thinking themselves into the mood). They all find it important to *focus* in on love-making, excluding the outside world:

"I say to myself, 'I'm going to make love to him tonight, and I'm going to erase everything else from my mind that I possibly can.' At that moment, making love is something I want to do, and I think of nothing but sex."

Some deliberately force themselves to relax to help them get in the mood:

"If I've had a tough day at work, I'm just not prepared for orgasm. When we're going to make love, I have to get away from the kids and the house. Usually I just lie down and relax. I block the kid stuff from my mind, stretch my whole body, then think of my body parts, progressively relaxing each one. A bath is good, then talking to my husband to establish some intimacy. Our time together is limited, so we have to focus in on each other, give quality time. If I can have just 10 minutes a day like that, to relax, then everything is fine for an orgasm. . ."

It is fascinating to see how those women have learnt to focus on what's happening inside their bodies and to tune out possible distractions. They are very aware of the dangers of distractions, the risk of being put off sex by thoughts, noises and intrusions which can destroy the intimacy essential for lovemaking. They deliberately find ways of blocking out distractions — some by being more active:

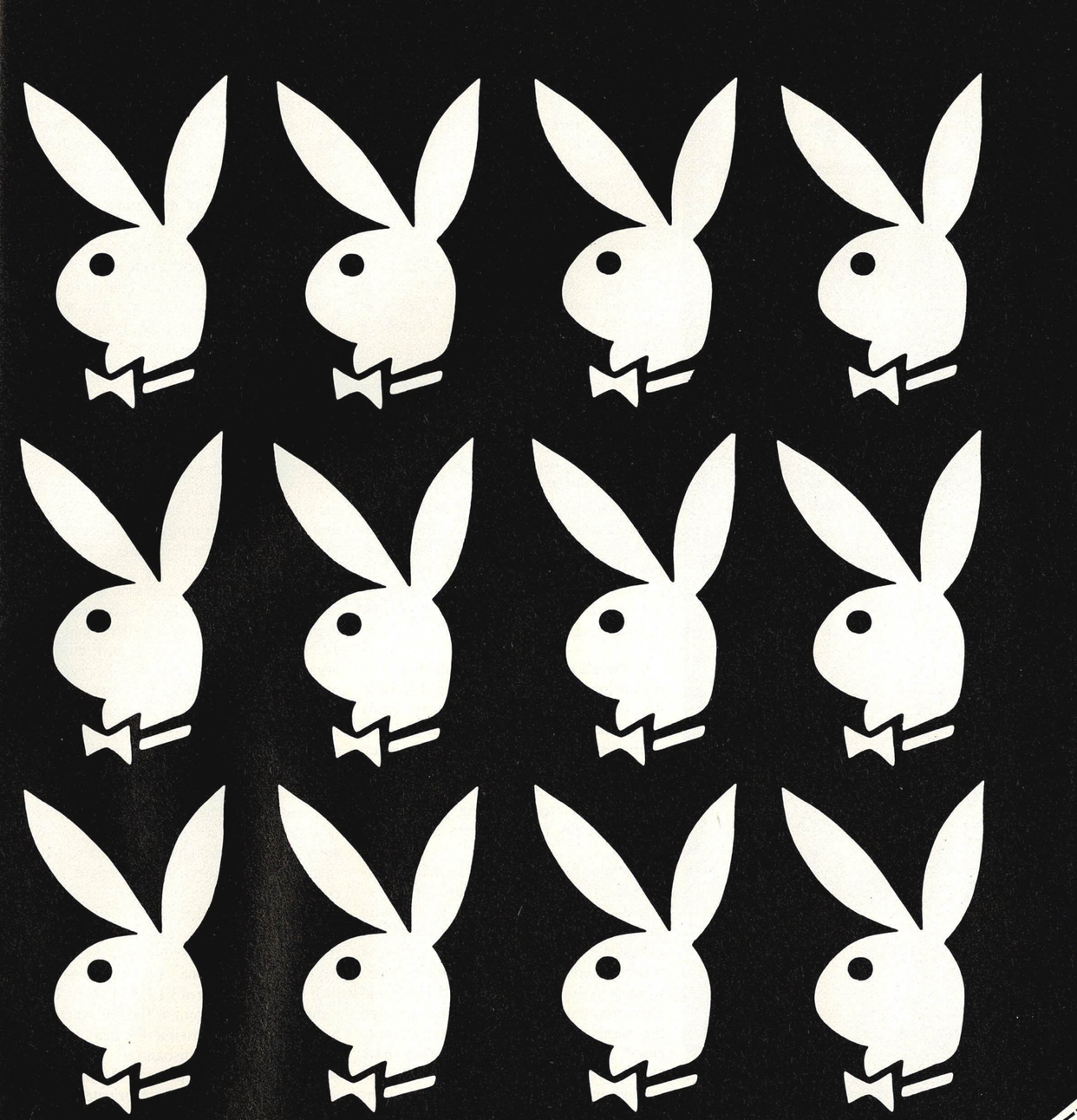
"Every now and then something distracting creeps in. First I'm thinking, 'God, this feels good,' then my mind takes off and I think, 'My God, what am I doing thinking about the laundry!' I immediately put myself back into sex, usually by getting more active. I've noticed that when my mind trails, it's when I'm not being active."

Or simply concentrating harder:

"If I'm in a passive role, and a noise or a thought distracts me, I concentrate on my physical sensations and take an aggressive role. I have to be physically active to block things out of my mind."

But in the end, the essence of being easily orgasmic came down to communication and those women were generally very willing to make their men aware of their needs:

"Women have to let men know what they want — which is hard. You're always afraid of threatening a man if you don't like how he's touching you, or if he's touching you in the



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wrong place. It's so strange — like we're telling them their business!"

Some use non-verbal signals:

"If I touch my breasts, he's going to go for my breasts. If I reach down to my clitoris, he's going to take over there. They're cues, lover!"

Some are more obvious:

"Right in the middle of having intercourse I will physically put my hands on his shoulders, if he's on top, and push him off. Or I'll stop and tell him that's enough. I'll stop and I'll change it all around and go to oral or what have you — I love to keep things different, a variety happening."

"I say, 'More of this, harder, gently. Don't stop, don't stop.' And I moan and I groan — I body response to everything."

All that leads to one of the most fascinating points raised by the Meshorers' book, a crucial aspect of female arousal which is often poorly understood by males and which leaves many women sexually dissatisfied. "Don't stop, don't stop," the lady cried. But all too often the man does precisely that and she's left high and dry. The Meshorers confirm that many women have problems ensuring they have continuous, reliable stimulation *right up to* the point of orgasm. To quote from the book: "As the final moment approaches, a woman tends to focus on her most outstanding sensations. Whether they're in her clitoris or deep within her vagina, or both, her body cries for more and more of these marvellous sensations: 'For heaven's sake don't stop! Don't change a thing!' A woman means that literally. A strong, unanimous fact swiftly emerged from our study: what a woman needs at this moment is steady, *reliable* stimulation, a final, steady — occasionally increased — tactile rhythm and pressure."

Listen to their comments:

"Yes, yes, yes, it has to be the same thing for maybe 15 to 30 seconds before I get an orgasm. If somebody changes a thing, we start all over again."

"Definitely, definitely, yes, rhythm, motion, hardness, fastness. . . whatever it is, it has to be the same. Same everything, don't move a hair!"

"I need about 10 to 20 seconds, sort of coinciding with the early spasms I feel. If he stops I'm really turned off — if he stops or changes I'll kill him!"

"For probably 30 seconds, if one thing changes I lose it. You know what really gets me? When you're with somebody for the first time, and he finds the spot and you're just about there and he wants to change positions on you! 'Let's flip over this way. . .' Hey, wait a minute! And he changes on you before you even notice it; he just moves and I've lost it. So I've learned that when I hit that peak to say, 'Don't move. Please don't move. It's perfect for me now.' You can say it. Whisper in his ear. Bite his ear lobe. Don't just pray for it, honey — hold him by the ear!"

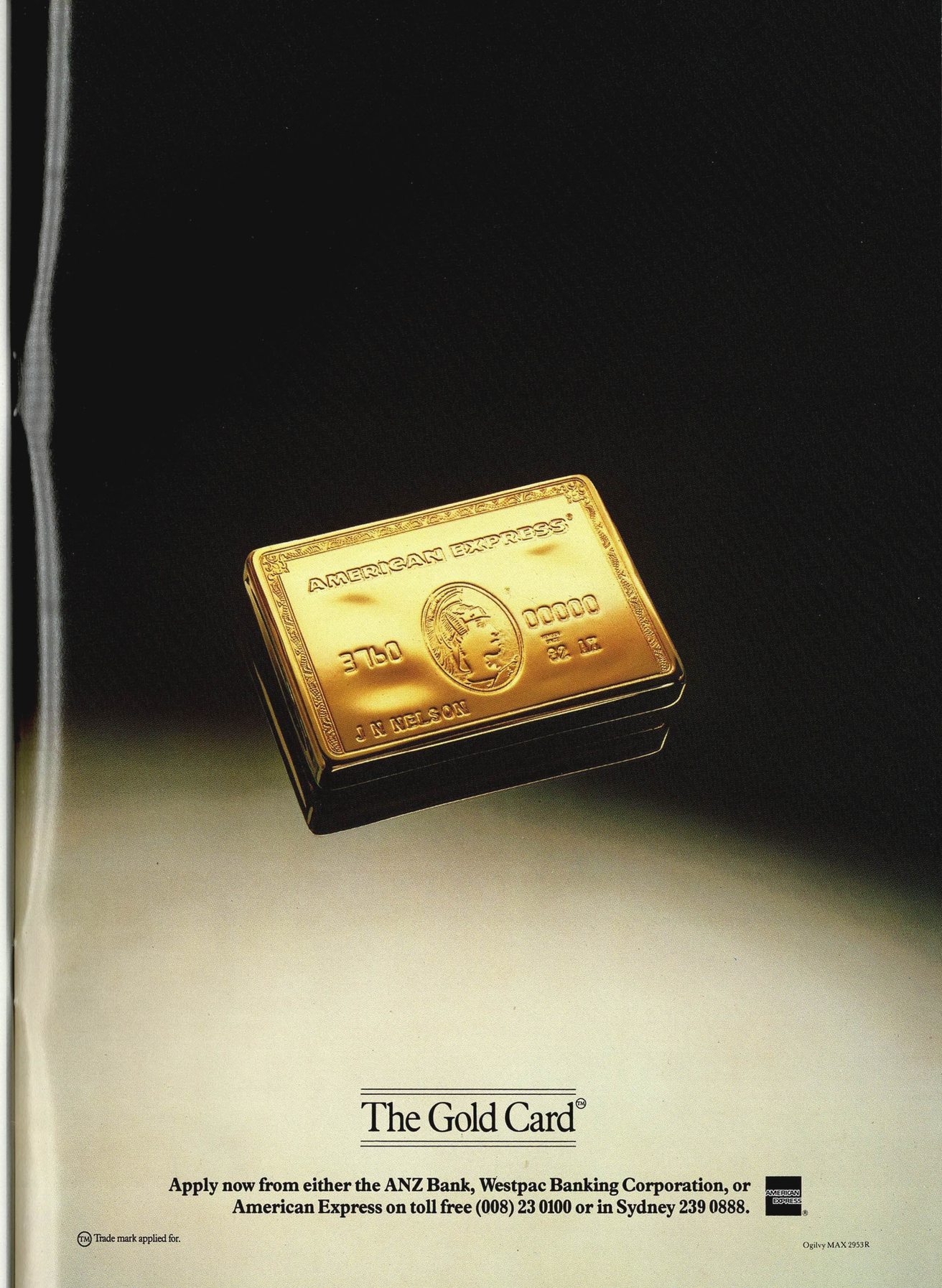
If there's one message which should be memorised by all males reading this book, it's this one. Women are very easily distracted, they very easily lose the build-up of arousal if there is a change in stimulation during the last crucial phase. So it's essential for women to tell men when they want them just to keep doing what they are doing and for men to listen and follow orders!

There's plenty more fascinating information in the book: descriptions of orgasm, techniques of arousal, women with G spots, women without, women who ejaculate, women who don't. In every section there's a great variation between women in what they need and enjoy and what they don't. But there's no question that these are all women who have learnt to enjoy sex to the fullest and they have valuable advice for others who are still struggling to rid themselves of their inhibitions. As final proof of what it can be like when you have mastered the art, listen to this description by Sonia, one of the Meshorers' *ultra orgasmic* women:

"Just before reaching orgasm, my mind is all in my body. I usually have about 10 and they seem to come in a series or group. Like I can have two or three with oral, 10 to 30 seconds apart, and then switch to intercourse and go right on having them, about 10 in four or five minutes, and they seem to build in intensity. . . until my final big one where I feel like he has to keep going. I arch or press down against him and grab or pull him to me, his body, head or hand, and my body starts shaking, my feet get hot and it feels like a soft explosion, my whole insides are quivering, exploding over the hill. . . Then, if I want them, if I rest for five or 10 minutes, I can start another group. . ."

Ultra orgasmic is right! In case you are doubting whether such women really exist, they do. It is extraordinary that what is so easy for some, should cause many other women such difficulty and such pain. *Ultimate Pleasure* is worth reading — it contains plenty of valuable hints for men and women on how to achieve this type of "ultimate" pleasure, and it makes quite erotic bedtime fare.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.



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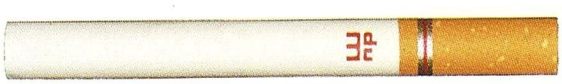

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